

THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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Photograph by the Zoological Society of Philadelphia

"NICE PUSSY"

Tiang Alam, a man-killing tiger of Sumatra. When he was being photographed he refused to raise his head from his feeding shelf

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

MAY • 1945



THIS SOUTH AMERICAN GUANACO HAS NOT PRETTY MANNERS. HE SPITS AN EVIL-SMELLING FLUID AT PEOPLE HE DOESN'T LIKE

Animal photography can be exciting work, as Isabelle Kauffeld could tell you. She is the only woman in this country who is official photographer for a zoo.

By CHARLOTTA GILBERT KENT

You Can't Pose a *TIGER*



TO BE trapped in a cage by a trained sea lion is not the average woman's idea of fun. But Isabelle Kauffeld, to whom this happened not long ago in the Philadelphia zoo, is used to the tricks that animals play.

As the only woman in America who holds down the job of official photographer to a zoo, she has been splashed by a polar bear, hugged by a chimpanzee, almost knocked off a stepladder by a giraffe. Patagonian caviars have leaped over her head and she has knitted sweaters for a baby kangaroo. It's all in the day's work.

When her good friend Clarabelle, the sea lion, wouldn't let her out of the cage one day Mrs. Kauffeld got quite a kick out of it—for awhile. She had only entered the cage on a visit in the first place—not to photograph Clarabelle, but to feed her fish and, incidentally, to put the sea lion through her tricks to keep her in trim for summer appearances in the Baby Pet Zoo.

Clarabelle caught a ball, rolled over, shook hands, bowed, all the while enjoying herself thoroughly and showing off just the way a human performer loves to do. And one by one she received her daily ration of ten small fishes. These she gulped whole.

But today, Clarabelle decided that ten fishes weren't enough. As Mrs. Kauffeld moved toward the cage door, the sea lion, with one sinuous flip of her muscular body, got there first and pushed



Photograph by Anthony Riccardi

Left: ISABELLE KAUFFELD WHO HAS INVENTED MANY INGENUOUS DEVICES TO INDUCE HER SUBJECTS TO POSE FOR THE CAMERA

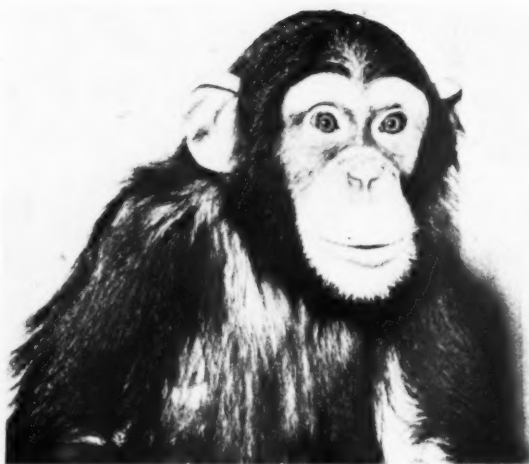


Right: THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS KANGAROO TWINS—YOUNG NONESUCH, FOR WHOM MRS. KAUFFELD KNITTED TWO SWEATERS

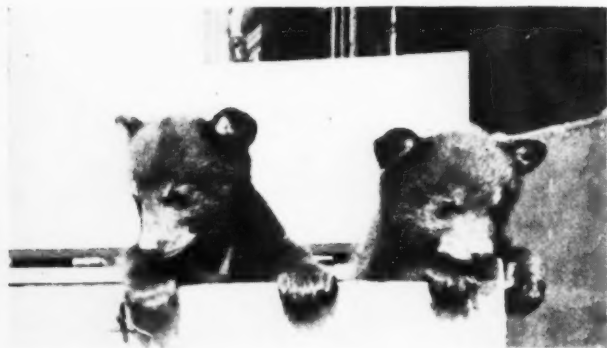
Animal photographs by the Zoological Society of Philadelphia



MRS. KAUFFELD CAUGHT THIS REMARKABLE CLOSE-UP OF A MACAW AS HE WAS BEING HELD BY A KEEPER. HE IS A BIRD OF SOUTH AMERICA, HIS FEATHERS BRIGHT BLUE AND YELLOW



Right: PERCY, ONE OF THE TRAINED CHIMPANZEES, A STAR PERFORMER IN THE BABY PET ZOO. HERE HE POSES, AS HAPPILY AS ANY STAR, FOR A MAGAZINE COVER



Left: THESE BLACK BEAR CUBS WERE FOUND, HUNGRY AND CRYING, IN UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA. THEY WERE SHIPPED TO PHILADELPHIA AND NAMED ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL. EACH HAS A MOST UNUSUAL WHITE V MARK ON HIS CHEST

Below: THIS GIRAFFE WAS SO CURIOUS ABOUT THE CAMERA, HE WAS A VERY DIFFICULT SUBJECT TO PHOTOGRAPH



was even faster, and got there ahead of me. After three or four such attempts at escape, the situation no longer seemed quite so funny. Finally, in desperation, I climbed across the five-foot water tank that forms one end of Clarabelle's quarters, hanging on to the side wall to keep from falling in. When I left the building Clarabelle was still barking in sheer frustration."

"Did she ever forgive you?" I asked.

"Come along and I'll show you!" Mrs. Kauffeld led me to Clarabelle's pen, and called her name. The shiny sea lion flung herself to the door, barking a greeting. So it was Clarabelle who answered my question. Incidentally, when I saw the ledge along which Mrs. Kauffeld climbed out of the cage, I wondered how she had avoided a ducking in the tank.

She did get a ducking, or rather a drenching, while photographing an animal whose outlook on humans is quite different from Clarabelle's. The grouch who splashed her, deliberately, was Miss Carmichael, the polar bear.

Like all bears, Miss Carmichael just doesn't care for humans and she has a neat way of showing it. She dives into her icy pool, not to show off as Clarabelle would do, but to splash people.

Knowing this, but wanting some action shots of the bear diving, Mrs. Kauffeld brought along a keeper with a supply of juicy chunks of meat. The keeper stationed himself at one side of the pool, Mrs. Kauffeld set up her camera at the other side. The keeper showed Miss Carmichael a chunk of meat. She dived toward him. The camera clicked.

But action pictures are hard to get, so Mrs. Kauffeld took several more. The bear repeatedly dived toward the keeper. Then she sat, dripping, on the rocky ledge above the pool.

Suddenly, without warning, Miss Carmichael dived again—not toward the keeper and his meat, but straight toward the photographer and her camera, in which she couldn't pos-

and shoved against the photographer's knees. She made no attempt to hurt her human friend. Intelligent beyond most animals, she knew what a door was for—and she just wasn't going to let Mrs. Kauffeld reach that door until she paid toll with more fishes.

"I was afraid that if I did open the door, Clarabelle would slip out," Mrs. Kauffeld said. "I had visions of pursuing her all over the zoo. And as it happened, there wasn't a keeper in the building at the time. There was nothing to do but to out-fox her. So back we went to the stool on which she performs, and I tossed the ball again and then made another dash for the door.

"But Clarabelle wasn't to be fooled. Fast as I was, Clarabelle

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sibly be interested. So neat, quick, and sudden was the dive, so accurate its angle, that a great wave of water shot through the iron-barred fence and drenched Mrs. Kauffeld, clothes, camera, and all.

The incident, however, that caused Mrs. Kauffeld to undergo the most acrobatic exertion was the adventure of Nutsy and Jimmy. Nutsy is a tapir with the wanderlust, Jimmy is a two-ton hippo. One day Nutsy achieved the impossible. He dropped in on Jimmy by jumping the five-foot wall that separated them.

Jimmy is an unpredictable fellow. Some people he likes, others he dislikes. No one knows why. When he sees Mrs. Kauffeld, or anyone else he likes, he comes to the edge of his pen, huge mouth gaping a plea for a head of lettuce or a handful of carrots. But there are others, who never have done him any unkindness, at the sight of whom Jimmy roars. He stands up with his front legs on the ledge, trying to get at them.

Nutsy made him angry. Even if he could have liked Nutsy—and there are strange friendships in the animal world—no animal enjoys being startled.

So Jimmy heaved out of his pool and chased the tapir. The snorts and squeals and bellowings brought keepers on the run—and running, too, came active, keen-eyed Mrs. Kauffeld with her camera.

First Nutsy fell into the dry moat. To get him out, the keepers built a flight of stairs from bales of hay. It took a couple of hours to persuade him to climb them. Then he skidded, only to splash into the pool. They had to drain it to get him out, and to bring him back at last, safe and unharmed, to his own quarters and Mrs. Nutsy.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kauffeld climbed walls and crossed moats with her camera. She jumped up on things, and knelt down and peered and clicked her shutter—and barked her shins. It was one of the photographic feats of the year, and she had the satisfaction of seeing her pictures in newspapers all over the country.

But the life of a zoo lenswoman is by no means a round of high jinks with furred and feathered friends. Mrs. Kauffeld has been official photographer at the Philadelphia zoo since September, 1942—and she wouldn't trade jobs with anyone, even though hers calls for such lightning changes of pace (*Continued on page 42*)



RISKING A JAB FROM THOSE DANGEROUS LOOKING ANTLERS, MRS. KAUFFELD, SIX FEET AWAY, CAUGHT THIS POSE OF A HANDSOME MALE REINDEER



Left: THIS IS PHAROAH, AN AFRICAN LION, WHO REALLY IS A TIMID SOUL. THE FEROCIOUS SNARL IS INDUCED BY MRS. KAUFFELD'S FLASH BULB WHICH HE DOESN'T LIKE

Below: MRS. KAUFFELD IN ACTION, GETTING A CLOSE-UP OF BURMA, A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD ELEPHANT. BURMA'S TRUNK CAN REDUCE A CHAIR TO KINDLING WOOD IN A FEW SECONDS



NUTSY, THE TAPIR WITH A WANDERLUST, WHO WENT VISITING IN THE ZOO AND FELL INTO A MOAT. ZOO KEEPERS HAD TO BUILD STEPS OF BALES OF HAY AND USE A LOT OF PRODDING WITH PITCHFORKS TO GET NUTSY OUT

HOME IS THE HERO

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

One of your favorite authors brings back two popular characters—Em Deneen and Kip O'Malley of the Flying Crow Ranch



IT WAS May on the Flying Crow ranch. As Em Deneen helped Juan, the taciturn old roustabout, push the covered wagon free of the shed, a high wind beat at them lustily. It ruffled the collar on Em's red plaid shirt, tumbled her brown hair about her brown face.

The wagon was balkily heavy. The usual strength in Em's arms seemed lacking. She leaned against the doubletree, her eyes resting on the big-muscled bay horse that poked aimlessly about the corral, and she knew such a heavy-hearted longing for its rider that she had to shake back the tears that welled in her eyes.

If only Kip O'Malley were here! Whenever trouble came to the Flying Crow, Em longed for Kip. Kip had helped the old Crow weather through a lot of troublous times. He had been in the Navy two years now.

Em gave another push to the wagon. She was just shaky from not sleeping well last night. For the doctor, riding out from Buffalo Fork to see Uncle Haze, had ordered him to a hospital in Denver. "Nothing serious," he had said. "He just needs a rest and treatment to get his high blood pressure gentled down."

The worry of this last winter and spring had been anything but "gentling." War had drained off all the hands on the plains, so the Flying Crow could neither grow feed, nor even cut and stack their own wild hay. There had been sleety winds all winter, dry, searing winds all spring. Uncle Haze had had to

sell off a chunk of land here, another there, to buy oil cake to feed the cows which would be beefsteak for the Army next fall.

"Got to let the old Crow lose a tail feather now and then," he had said grimly, "so as to hold on to the cows." And he had added, with a glance at the picture of Kip O'Malley, his white sailor cap set rakishly on the head that had always worn a Stetson, "Cows are the lifeblood of the Crow. We've got to keep them till the boy gets back."

The ranch dogs set up a barking clamor, and Em looked around the wagon as Pinto Jones, old-time cowhand of the Flying Crow, rode his meek-looking buckskin into the corral. She met him at the watering trough. "How does the pasture look at the Brakes, Pinto? Can the cows make out?"

Pinto's sigh was like the heave of his tired buckskin when he loosened the cinch. "Em, the grass in the Brakes is as gray as my saddle blanket. Them cow-mammas look more like hatracks than bovines. It would plumb wring your heart to see them wabbly little calves tuggin' milk that ain't there. No, sir, Em, we got to get 'em oil cake in a day or two, or start sellin' hides."

Em's own legs went wabbly under her. She said thinly, "There isn't any money for oil cake now. Uncle Haze has to take what's left of the land money to go to Denver to the hospital. We're taking him in the covered wagon to catch the train."

"My grandmother's bustle!" Pinto said softly.

Juan was hitching the horses to the wagon. He took time out to hurl a clod at a red-and-white calf that was in his way. He didn't take careful enough aim actually to hit the calf—his dis-



PINTO AND EM TOOK THE DUDES INTO THE CANYON
AND ACROSS RATTLESNAKE RIVER TO THE GRAZING LAND

Illustrated by
ERIC NORDVELDT

position was just the kind that had to throw something now and then.

This plump, innocent-faced calf had once been called Carnation, because Em had raised her on canned milk. But the men-folks called the calf Tarnation. Em had come across her half-frozen rack of bones beside her dead mother last February, and had lugged the starving baby home on her saddle. She had wrapped the calf in an old mackinaw and tucked her in a warm corner of the woodbox. For weeks the calf's life hung, not on a thread but on the trickle of milk Em coaxed down her throat. And Carnation, from the time she stood on uncertain, knobby legs, had only one devotion, Em. She followed at Em's heels like a loving pup. Now, in May, she was a gluttonous bit of underfoot calfhood. Em was always vowing to take her up to the Brakes and put her on her own with the cows and calves there.

Pinto moved over to make room for Kip O'Malley's bay at the watering trough. He said, "Em, did you ever tell Kip O'Malley about these soul-tryin' times we're havin' here on the Crow?"

"No," Em sighed. "No—because they kept telling us at the USO never to lay our troubles on the boys who are away. They said they have a tough enough job without worrying about things at home. They said always to write with a smile."

The smile had not been easy. Em had sat at the oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen while the Chinese cook, Oku Hung, padded softly about, and tried to scrape up a smile.

"Dear Kip," she had written. "We surely have had an open winter. Haven't had to dig any cows out of snowdrifts—"

No, but they had had to drive thin, rough-hided cows into the home corrals, and fork over the little hay that lasted only through November. She'd had to write so that Kip's keen eyes couldn't read between the lines. She mustn't mention that the "hand" whom Kip had broken in before he left, was now on the Italian front. So she'd write about the box-supper at the schoolhouse as though it had been a gala affair instead of a group of parents sitting on benches telling of letters from their boys, and a handful of girls thinking of the days when strong-armed cowboys had swung them off their feet in square dances.

Now Em patted the sinewy neck of Kip's bay. "I almost broke

down and told him," she confessed, "when we had to sell that last piece of land. And then we heard he was hurt—and I couldn't bear to."

Kip had written from a hospital, "Nothing to worry about. I've been bunged up worse when my old bay pitched me into a barbed wire fence. But looks like they're going to ship me home so I can fatten up beefsteaks for the others."

Pinto said, "Been weeks since we got the mail. Bet there'll be a letter from that old pod-headed, knock-kneed cowpoke, sayin' he's headin' for home."

Again Em had to swallow back the longing that was a lump in her throat.

EM AND Pinto Jones drove the covered wagon with care into Buffalo Forks. They settled Uncle Haze on the train.

"Wish we'd had time to get the mail," Uncle Haze said. As Em bent over to kiss his grizzled face, that was wan and sagging today, he clutched her hand. "Em, girl, you hold the Crow together till Kip gets back."

"I will," she promised confidently. Surely Kip would write that he was "headin' for home." Surely the feed store would let them have oil cake on credit until they marketed.

Uncle Haze had mothered and fathered Em, who had been orphaned when she was two. He liked to brag that he had taught her to ride when she was so small he had had to put a block of wood under her so she could see over the saddle horn.

Kip O'Malley, too, had been a dogie—which, in plains vernacular, means any creature whose mother has been lost in the shuffle. Kip had come riding to the Flying Crow, a grave-faced boy of twelve, and had asked for a job. And he had been a part of the Crow ever since. He and Em had grown up together—scrapping with friendly gusto over everything, from the can of sausages they divided over a camp fire, to the best way to break a bronco.

On the cindered path outside the depot, Em and Pinto Jones stood and watched the train chug off and around the bend toward Denver. Pinto said, "Lift your heart in prayer, Em, while I go brave old Stone-face at the feed store. You hightail it over to the post office. Better buy some gingersnaps—you look plumb peaked."

Em guided the wagon over to the hitchrack in front of the general store and post office. A letter from Kip would dispel her peakedness far more than gingersnaps. As she tied the horses, she noticed a group of city folks standing on the hotel porch.

The letter from Kip was waiting in their lockbox. Em tore it open eagerly. Yes, Kip wrote, he was back in circulation again.

"You've heard me speak of my buddy, Marve. He's got a little ranch here in California—we wouldn't hardly call it a ranch because it's not much bigger than our woodlot. But it's real pretty. They raise all kinds of fruit. Marve has about talked me into staying and going in with him. His sister would keep house for us."

Em stood there, clutching the letter, and suddenly the smell of coal oil and cheese and axle grease made her feel faint. She pushed her way out to the porch. Kip O'Malley not coming back to the Flying Crow! She had never dreamed but that, when he was dismissed from the Navy, he'd come winging home. Jealousy, like pain, swept over her—for the fruit ranch, for Marve, for Marve's sister who would be keeping house for them.

But the resentment, the jealousy was as nothing to the deep, deep hurt. Kip O'Malley, forging a life of his own without them, without caring what happened to the people at the Flying Crow.

The group of city folks left the hotel porch and came over to her. A man spoke. "Pardon me, Miss, but I'm Mr. Wattles—and we wondered if you were from a dude ranch. We noticed your covered wagon."

Em smiled feebly. They thought she was driving it to be colorful. She said absently, "No, we're from the Flying Crow. It's a cattle ranch." She thought, "I should say, 'It was a cattle ranch.'"

The strangers explained that they had started out from the city to the Lazy M dude ranch which lay forty miles beyond, but their car had broken down in Buffalo Forks. Em caught phrases, "Just finished a big war contract and we had to work the clock around." "Surfeited with all that detail." "Want something picturesque—the glamour of the old West."

Mr. Wattles said, "Maybe you'd be willing to take some paying guests at your ranch, and give us a chance to rough it for two weeks?"

The Flying Crow had always disdained dudes. Pinto Jones had once worked on a dude ranch. "They talk about roughin' it, but they expect you to keep tuckin' a down pillow under 'em. I'm a daffodil, if they don't wear you to a nub!"

Em was about to say a polite no, when Pinto Jones passed her on the way into the store and, catching her eye, made a motion of fingers on his throat. Which meant, Em knew, that the feed store had stuck to its policy of no credit.

She stared at the five city folks—at the three middle-aged

men in their well-creased business suits, with the aroma of shaving soap and good cigars clinging to them; at the assertive, stout woman in a gray suit, who looked as though she should have a pencil in her hand; at the frail young girl about Em's own age. But what Em was really seeing was oil cake for the hungry, gaunt cows and their wobbly-legged calves. Five dudes for two weeks at the Flying Crow would buy enough oil cake to get the cows over the hump until pasture greened again.

She said, with a grim chuckle, "Why, yes, we can accommodate you. We have a lot of bunkhouses and saddle horses." She even did a bit of bragging. "I've been brought up on the plains. I can do anything a man can do—from handling a pack trip to roping a steer and branding him, or butchering him for a barbecue."

THE five dudes left their stalled car at Buffalo Forks for repair and rode out to the Flying Crow in the covered wagon with Em and Pinto Jones. Under their feet were packed lumpy sacks of oil cake. Em had taken her courage in hand to ask for some of their money in advance.

Mr. Wattles paid a week in advance, saying with businesslike canny, "This might not be quite the type of vacation we all have in mind. Mrs. Wattles wants to get color, and my daughter, Irma, needs building up. The other men just want to know they're in good hands. We'll stay two weeks if it's all we expect."

"It will be," Em promised.

But Pinto was not so sure. While he crowded feed sacks in, he said morosely, "Gal, you got to mother 'em and wet-nurse 'em."

As she guided the team over rutted roads, and Pinto Jones told the dudes yarns by way of entertainment, Em was making rapid plans. She'd house the men in the big bunkhouse which had often accommodated six cowhands at branding time. She thought of Kip O'Malley's one-man bunkhouse, which was as immaculate as when Kip had given his riding trophies a final polish and gone off to the Navy. Not even yet could she put dudes in that. She'd give the two women the small one nearest the house.

The dudes wanted to rough it. Well, they could go with Pinto and herself to the Brakes when they took the feed up to the cows and the few yearlings scattered through the herd.

Arrived at the ranch, Em and Pinto hurriedly saddled horses for the dudes. Pinto could take them for a ride in the twi-

light while Em readied up the bunkhouses, and laid down the law to the temperamental Oku Hung.

But Pinto didn't keep them out quite long enough. Em was in Kip's bunkhouse, taking the red blanket off his bed for Mrs. Wattles and Irma, when they came back.

Mrs. Wattles stopped at the door (Continued on page 37)



EM LOOKED UP THROUGH A BLUR OF TEARS AT A TALL COWBOY IN CHAPS AND A STETSON HAT. SHE CHOKED SUDDENLY.



LOUIS AGASSIZ

By MABEL LOUISE ROBINSON

Author of "Runner of the Mountain Tops"

A Biography of Louis Agassiz

A well known author and educator writes about the great Swiss naturalist who came to this country and took his students out of their books into the out-of-doors

IT IS not easy to know a living person. He hides himself behind all sorts of disguises. He is sometimes over-expressed, appearing to be much more a person than he really is. Or he may be under-expressed, and then we fail to credit him with his true value. But when the years have gone by, and he has become a part of the past, he becomes easier to know because he can no longer confuse us with externals. He is either forgotten as most men are, or else, because of something which he has done to us or for us, we know him as perhaps he never was known in life. There is something very sound in "By his deeds you shall know him."

Yet personality is important, as you well know, in the way it helps or hinders the achievement of any deeds. If Louis Agassiz had not been gifted with magnetism and charm and tremendous vitality, much of his brilliance would have been extinguished. When he needed help for anything on which he had set his mind and his heart, few people could resist his magic. And so today youth finds its way through many doors which were closed until Louis Agassiz opened them.

He was a naturalist in the days when people were housebound and bookbound. He made them come outdoors where he showed them so many wonders that they never really went indoors again. He took their books away from them, and set before them the real fish, or bird, or sea-anemone about which they had been content to read. When they had no idea what to do with these specimens, he made them use their eyes and all their other senses on them until they found out strange and startling things about them. And knew them for facts because they had found them for themselves, and no one had told them in books. He began the kind of laboratory teaching which took biology out of the dead languages and made it a live and an exciting study. Not

every man could have upset a system and created a new one. It took his own live and exciting quality to convince a world which was as ever fond of its own ways.

Louis Agassiz decided, while he was young and struggling, to equip himself so that somewhere and sometime he would have a museum wherein a student could find specimens of all animal life to observe and compare without wasting his time and energy running about the world for his material. Years later we find that museum erected against all odds in a muddy Cambridge field, with the amazed and indignant consent of a legislature who did not know how to resist the magic of Louis Agassiz. There it stands, equalled by none, the Agassiz Museum of Harvard, another deed by which we can know the indestructible quality of its creator.

When we are young we look ahead and wonder vaguely what kind of a life the future holds for us. We wait for it to be served up to us, and are surprised and disconcerted some day to find that the future is now upon us, and that it amounts to very little. Now and then a young person turns up who knows exactly what he wants to do, and has no shadow of doubt that he is going to do it. His future never catches up with him. He is always one lap ahead, strong, vigorous, intent, filled with sharp delight at the race. Such a lad, such a man, is Louis Agassiz. And I use the present tense because, as far as I know, his future has never caught up with him.

What sort of a boy, what kind of a home, produced a man who knew how to make life serve his own ends and who gave back to it more than he ever took from it? Watch him, then, as he moves in his unalterable course, and put together the brief scenes into the kind of whole which emerges from a series of motion picture scenes.

First the boy. Behind him and all around him are the shining peaks of Switzerland's great mountains. And never as long as

he lived did he lose his identity with the mountains. He was one of a sturdy line of mountain doctors and mountain pastors who cared for their people through the long, hard winters and the brief beauty of the summers. If they lived at all, they had to be strong. Louis' mother in a desolate high village had lost four babies, one after the other, but when at last the lonely pair had moved into a more comfortable pastorate in Motier, she looked about her and took heart again.

Here at last was sunshine, here were green vineyards, in the yard a great flowering apricot tree, in the parsonage pleasant rooms, on the table nourishing food for the four strong children who were born one after the other into the new home. Two boys and two girls, and the first of them was Louis who was always to be their leader. Louis with his high spirit and his ready laughter, Louis with his endless plans for work which always seemed play to them, Louis with his devouring curiosity about everything alive and dead which turned the parsonage yard into a zoo, Louis came into the world with the strength and the high reach of the mountains as his rightful heritage.

His mother watched him and saw that here she had no ordinary child. The small village of Motier could not encompass such vitality, such promise, for long. His father, the gentle and wise pastor, had taught his son until he was ten, but now he must go away to school. Not far at first to the college of Bienne where he and his brother Auguste could come home for holidays and the gathering of the grapes. A small boy to send away, but not small in his own eyes. He could manage the work of such a school, and lead the boys in games at the same time, and not know what they meant when they said they were tired.

Louis' mother had been wise in her choice. Here at Bienne the lad who had been a natural leader at home met real competition. These were hardy youngsters at the school, used to nine hours a day of work which with intervals for play was not unlike our modern progressive school. And which was work and which was play, they would have been hard put to it to tell. Whatever interested Louis he mastered easily, and since almost everything had some element of interest to his active young mind, he strode ahead as ever and the others followed. Not unwillingly either, for Louis was no priggish prodigy. Perhaps his tremendous capacity for enjoyment was one good reason why people followed him all of the days of his life. People love to laugh—as they should!

Four years at Bienne, and then two more at Lausanne, and Louis was sixteen and growing up. Quite time in the economy of a poor Swiss pastor for him to think about carrying his share of the family support. Would he care to study for the ministry like some of the men in his family, or for medicine like the rest of them? Here was a lad who could do almost anything well, and that, as any intelligent youngster will tell you, is a real handicap. For Louis did not want to do the things which his elders had mapped out for him. Under all his wide interests, shot through them, coloring and molding them, was his determination to become a naturalist. And who in those days had ever heard of a man who expected to make his life work running around outdoors to examine its affairs which were now as they always had

been and needed no special attention, and which under no circumstances would yield an adequate income!

Nobody, of course. And Louis who had pride and independence agreed to be a doctor. More than that, he fulfilled his agreement, because after all, it is not for nothing that a genius can do almost anything well. The drive that is within him marshals all his different skills toward one end, the achievement of his own unalterable intention. If he can be deflected, he is no genius.

So Louis went to Zurich to study medicine, a grim sort of place where the German students believed in hard work and not much else. They stared over their microscopes at this high-stepping lad with his friendly laughter, and tried him out in divers ways.

Louis, scarcely aware of his probation among them, fenced with them, argued with them, laughed at them and then with them, and finally, as ever, strode ahead of them with them at his heels. Another pattern of youth which was to go on all his life!

Not only the students recognized the quality of Louis Agassiz, but, and this was a significant and continuing recognition, the professors met him as an equal. For the men who handle the great stream of youth which flows through a college never fail to find exciting the lad with the indomitable drive of genius. For such a boy, all of their equipment is offered. To him they turn over what they have found out by hard work, and leave it to the sharp illumination of his greater gift. At Lausanne, at Zurich, at Heidelberg, and finally at Munich, Louis was given the keys to the inner doors of the temple. And of all those offerings, so diverse, so tempting to his eager mind, Louis always chose to accept the key proffered by the man who could grant

some store of natural history to him.

An M.D.? Certainly, if that was what his parents wanted. Here it was with honors. And on the side, a Ph.D. which had been thrown in for original work in natural history. Surely even a family could not object to that! Not when with it appeared Louis' beautiful book on Brazilian fishes. Louis came from a family which had high regard for the production of a book. And every doctor needs a hobby.

But now the good days at the University of Munich were over. The close group of six boys who had lived together in gay poverty, drinking their coffee at five-thirty from the kettle in which they would later boil skeletons, going on through each day crammed to the last minute with lectures, laboratory work, ill-balanced meals on which they thrived, and finally after supper a Little Academy of their own where even the professors crept in to listen to the eager talk, this high-hearted group had to scatter.

Louis took his medical degree, and his artist Dinkel who drew his specimens for him, to his home in his father's parsonage. There the swift pace and the unending excitement of the Munich days had no place. There he was expected to hang out his shingle and spend his time on the ills of his Swiss neighbors. And the Swiss are notably healthy. Which was just as well, because Louis had small interest in their ills. Louis, like many a young person, found home a dull and difficult adjustment.

What Boys Are

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The woman held her breath. For a great seal
Had put his head up high out of the sea
And he was staring at the very small girl,
Amazed so bright a piece of life could be.
The seal looked at the child, she looked at him,
She waved her hand. He turned and swam away
Till his wild dark head was lost among
The wild and craggy islands of the bay.

When the child came up, the woman said,
"I see you met a seal and weren't afraid."
"A seal?" the child said. "No, but a wet boy
"Came right up close beside me while I played.
"He had his football helmet on. I waved
"For him to swim ashore and dig with me—
"But you know what boys are! He was too scared,
"He turned right round and swam back off to sea."

And why be a doctor when you had no patients? A question which many a young doctor has asked.

But this young doctor had no motive of desire to keep him in his profession. "We must go to Paris," he said. And with Louis that was practically the purchase of his ticket. Of course he had no money, but when did money stand in his way? Over in the next Canton lived Pastor Christinat who strolled over often, and watched the two young men, and listened to them, and went away quickened into new life by them. It was given to but few people to have that effect, the old man thought, and the next time he came he had in his pocket Louis' fare to Paris. An investment from which he had returns for the rest of his life.

So off to Paris, by way of Carlsruhe where through his good school friend, Alex Braun, Louis had acquired a girl named Cecile, his friend's lovely young sister. A skillful artist, she made careful and accurate drawings of his specimens which as ever he collected, and for her own comfort when he was gone, a sketch of his eager, splendid head. And, of course, she fell in love with him. There he lingered, young and free and completely happy, until his mother wrote to him mildly inquiring about his destiny. Instantly he was off, over the muddy, rutted roads in the diligence for Paris. Cily settled down at home to wait for him which, by and large, was to be her pattern for her life.

In Paris the great scientist, Cuvier, made a place for this lively, intelligent lad in his laboratory, and turned over to him, when he saw his skill and zest for work, a portfolio of his own drawings and notes. Here was real recognition, a great man's faith in him. Then somehow through his charm and his strength, Louis walked into the affection of the terrible Humboldt, a scientist who slew people with his tongue and called it a good time. He was Louis' friend as long as he lived, gentle with him, understanding, and stimulating in his relentless pursuit of their common goal.

But Paris was full of shrewd young scientists who had no mind to let a shabby, unknown Swiss take a permanent place among them. When Louis had an offer to go back to Switzer-

land to teach in the University of Neuchatel, he had no choice about taking it. There at least, he need not listen to the aches and pains of patients who were not far wrong when they wondered if he even heard them. There for the first time, he would be free to carry out his ideas about teaching young people. There he could take time for his own explorations of the mountains. And there, and as usual this consideration came last, there he might even marry his Cily.

All these hopes were fulfilled at the remote Swiss university, all of his achievements swept him on toward his first intention to be a great naturalist. And when the place had served its purpose, he left it. It is hard for us to understand sometimes the ruthless progress of genius. It sweeps the man it owns past insurmountable barriers, and leaves behind anything which stands in its way. It is indomitable in its drive because its final end is important beyond the suffering of those who would block it. If Louis Agassiz had settled down in this small university, he would have made many people happy and wiser than they were. And perhaps that is enough for any man to expect, but it was not enough for the genius which drove Louis Agassiz all his life.

In these years at Neuchatel, Louis' lovely young wife had grown into a care-ridden woman who struggled against odds to bring her three children up in the peace and security of the kind of home to which she was used. Her home which she had started with such high heart had turned into a strange combination of a laboratory strewn with specimens and students and assistants, and a kind of hostel where she must feed at any time any number of odd scientists whose table talk was never meant for children. She found that she had a husband in whom there was no sense of security, that foundation for a contented family. He never paid his bills because he could not remember that he owed them, and because they were of no importance to him anyway. He collected assistants who, for salary, were allowed to board with the family. He disappeared on hazardous explorations into the mountains, climbing over glaciers, lowered by ropes through

dangerous crevasses, collecting endless evidence of his theory about how the earth had been covered with great glacier movement, flinging his splendid body and mind into his search with a complete enjoyment which in no way included his quiet and gifted young wife.

So that now when Louis had exhausted the resources of Neuchatel, his wife took her three children and went back to the shelter of her home in Carlsruhe, while Louis moved on to us in America. For after all, no other place was open to him as a new home. England and France had their own scientists, America was rich with untried prospects. The old countries neither needed nor wanted him. America, eager for education and culture, waited for him with breathless anticipation. Nor did Louis Agassiz ever give them reason to regret their hospitality.

In the fall of 1846 when he was nearly forty, he
(Continued on page 50)

Illustrated by

LYND WARD

HE DISAPPEARED ON DANGEROUS EXPEDITIONS INTO THE MOUNTAINS, COLLECTING EVIDENCE OF GLACIAL ACTION



slightly open with attention. What was coming now?

The beads were loose on the string. Angela shoved all the beads along to one end, separated one from the others, and said in a clear tone,

"One."

Faces watched her blankly.

She repeated the movement, shoving all the beads together again, separating one, and saying, "One."

"Wan?" asked a wavering voice. It was her model who said it.

Angela nodded approval. "One," she said again, firmly.

This time all eight voices repeated it. Angela picked up a single water color brush and held it upright in her hand. "One," she said.

"One," repeated the chorus. "One. One."

Angela nodded, being careful to say no other word to confuse them until she had separated two beads on the string and said, "Two."

There was a little puzzled silence while that sank in. Then the word was said after her, more quickly than the first time. They seemed to have caught the idea that she was counting, not just telling them the name of the thing. Why, this was fun! They were easy to teach; they even seemed to want to learn. Or perhaps they thought it was a new game. Well, it was, of course.

"Three," she went on with the lesson. She carried it as far as five. Five new words ought to be enough for a single lesson. She went back and repeated them in order. One, two, three, four, five. And the girls caught the cadence of the counting and began to say it all after her, as though it were a sentence or a song.

Angela returned to her painting. It wasn't a great success, but then you couldn't learn to represent that gorgeous skin color in one lesson, any more than you could teach English in one lesson. You had to have patience; not be like that idiot Lieutenant Governor, wanting to force things all at once. And as she worked the chorus of counting kept up behind her. One girl had the bright idea of counting her fingers. Angela, catching a glimpse of it out of the corner of her eye, turned and nodded emphatic, broad approval. That was it, that was the way to do it.

Now they had five numbers and a greeting. Hausa was the common tongue of most of the river people, whatever their tribal tongue might be. But the Hausa people were traders and not many of them had penetrated upriver as far as this, so the tribes here might as well take on English. Why not?

It was an idea. Perhaps she would suggest it to the Lieutenant Governor if he arrived today.

By the time the midmorning sun had risen above the shade of the pointed, thatched roof and ruined her studio for the day, she had finished two sketches. Two necklaces were chosen from the collection. The girls dipped in farewell, that pretty bow with one hand to the ground that most natives use. And with a chorus of "One, two, three, four, five, good mornin', Angela!" the procession of eight departed.

Well, it had been a good morning after all. Angela packed up her painting gear, thoroughly pleased, even a little

smug, with the progress she had made. She would certainly have something to report to Uncle Alfred when he returned.

It was late afternoon and she was beginning to wonder if she would have to be alone here another night, when a dusty runner came pelting down the road. With the barest of greetings, so great was his excitement, he blurted out his news.

Angela couldn't understand a word he said, but she followed his pointing arm. Far off along the distant flat plain could be seen three moving dots, men on horseback, no doubt.

"They will be here," the man made gestures, "when the sun is there." A short distance down the sky.

Angela nodded assurance. She would go along to the marketplace, she thought, through which the men would have to ride, and meet them.

THE cavalcade of no less than three white men was cantering down from the north. The District Officer, Angela's Uncle Alfred, bucketing along on his small borrowed hill pony; the Lieutenant Governor's aide, his belt and boots glinting in the sun, his uniform a credit to his tailor; and the great man himself, the L.G., astride his white Arab stallion. From the fields beside the road farmers leaned on their hoes to stare, unbelieving, astounded. Small, dusty herdboys drove their cattle hastily out of sight into the deep bush. Three white men! Three white men all at one time, all in one place? What could that portend?

"Our trusteeship over this country can't last forever. So the more primitive your tribesmen are, the faster we must push their education so that when the time comes they can rule themselves. That's the sum total of my argument," said the L.G. absentmindedly returning the salute of three small naked farmer boys with a small black cow.

"And my answer remains, sir," said Alfred Allen, District Officer of the River Provinces, "that your proposal that I force the four tribes to accept one leader, one chief as their ruler, will certainly mean war among them." His tone held a wearied obstinacy. "Oh, not a big war, nothing to make newspaper headlines, but one in which a few scores of people will die just as certainly and as painfully as in any other war. And in just as good a cause."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, nonsense," pronounced the L.G. "And anyway there's an old adage that you can't make omelets without breaking eggs."

But you could, in a political sense; the new market had done it. Now pepper from the hills was being exchanged there for corn of the plains, sugar cane from the farms for dried fish from the river, and women and even small children were beginning to travel into the market to see for themselves how harmless and even friendly were their traditional enemies.

But if the L.G.'s plan went through, this slow but patient progress would be wiped out; the trails, the bush stick bridges would lapse into disuse again; each tribe would be back on the defensive, treating all strangers as enemies. If the L.G. was so keen on proverbs, why didn't he remember that one about "The more haste, the less speed"?

Angela shoved on her sun helmet. (Continued on page 47)



LATE THAT AFTERNOON THREE MOVING DOTS, PROBABLY HORSEMEN, COULD BE SEEN ON THE FLAT PLAIN

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THE MOOSE SWAM ACROSS
RIGHT IN FRONT OF US



ISLAND HOLIDAY

*The story of a glorious week
on Isle Royale, the moose
refuge in Lake Superior, told
by a favorite nature writer*

By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES, author of "Snowshoe Country" and other books



GRACE has asked me to go to Isle Royale with her and three of her friends," I said to Lee.

"That's luck," said Lee heartily.

"Yes," I murmured doubtfully, "but I don't know—"

"Don't know!" he echoed. "Why, you've been wild to get out into the middle of Lake Superior on that big island! Ever since you first heard it was a moose refuge. What's the hitch? I thought you liked Grace."

"Oh, I do! I'd love to go with her. Grace can be a scholar and fun at the same time. The others will probably be just scholars; one of them is a botanist, Grace said. But it isn't really that! I have an attack of my old malady—shyness," I admitted. "They've been on so many trips together that I'll feel like an outsider. I'll be a fifth wheel."

"No, you won't. You'll have a grand time."

Husbands are so often right. I had a wonderful time.

I went north from Minneapolis, where we were spending the summer, to Duluth and met Grace near there. Then we drove in her car along the north shore of Lake Superior, beautiful and wild, to Grand Marais, a small fishing village, where we were to meet the other three.

After finding that the small hotel was full of roistering lumberjacks, we discovered an attractive cottage where we could stay all night, on the hill west of the tiny town. The rest of our party would arrive that evening and we were to start by boat to Isle Royale in the early morning.

But when we made inquiries we found the boat had not yet come back from Isle Royale, no one knew why. This boat was one which usually chugged mildly around Duluth's harbor. But since the regular passenger boat was laid up for the dura-

tion and the isolated fishermen on Isle Royale had to get mail and supplies somehow, it had been pressed into this service. It took passengers merely as an accommodation, and though it was supposed to make a trip twice a week its schedule was not a strict one.

Grace's friends arrived late that night, and the minute I laid eyes on them my fears that the party might be too scientific melted away. They were darlings—young and attractive. Betty and one Esther were slim brunettes, and the other Esther was a gay little blond.

We did not leave on Saturday morning as we had planned. Neither did we leave Sunday. Or Monday! We had a wonderful time along the lakeshore and up the Gunflint Trail. We were all ardent lovers of the outdoors and it seems to me no other interest makes real friendship flower so swiftly. Though Grace's special field was the history of Minnesota, she was just as interesting and well informed about natural history. Betty was with the Forest Service and her special delight was this north country, and Slim Esther's absorption in botany made her more alive and vivid, not less so. Short Esther had fun outdoors, though she was not as inclined toward nature study as the rest; her interest was in the people we met.

We heard at last that our boat had been fogbound for three days off a small island near Isle Royale, to the great dismay of a Chicago couple who were meeting friends on Isle Royale for the week end. They complained bitterly, but the captain would take no chances.

Every day we made trip after trip



Ladies' Tresses Green Wood Orchis One-flowered Pyrola Pyrola asarifolia

slightly open with attention. What was coming now?

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tion and the isolated fishermen on Isle Royale had to get mail and supplies somehow, it had been pressed into this service. It took passengers merely as an accommodation, and though it was supposed to make a trip twice a week its schedule was not a strict one.

Grace's friends arrived late that night, and the minute I laid eyes on them my fears that the party might be too scientific melted away. They were darlings—young and attractive. Betty and one Esther were slim brunettes, and the other Esther was a gay little blond.

We did not leave on Saturday morning as we had planned. Neither did we leave Sunday. Or Monday! We had a wonderful time along the lakeshore and up the Gunflint Trail. We were all ardent lovers of the outdoors and it seems to me no other interest makes real friendship flower so swiftly. Though Grace's special field was the history of Minnesota, she was just as interesting and well informed about natural history. Betty was with the Forest Service and her special delight was this north country, and Slim Esther's absorption in botany made her more alive and vivid, not less so. Short Esther had fun outdoors, though she was not as inclined toward nature study as the rest; her interest was in the people we met.

We heard at last that our boat had been fogbound for three days off a small island near Isle Royale, to the great dismay of a Chicago couple who were meeting friends on Isle Royale for the week end. They complained bitterly, but the captain would take no chances.

Every day we made trip after trip



Ladies' Tresses Green Wood Orchis One-flowered Pyrola *Pyrola asarifolia*

to the Coast Guard station to find out about the boat; we asked storekeepers, garage men, and miscellaneous groups. Finally, late Monday afternoon, we heard that it had arrived.

We sped down to the harbor. Yes, there it was! But what a little boat, and how dumpy and dowdy and dingy! We all laughed as we gazed at her—except Short Esther. Her usually round and beaming face lengthened. In fact she looked as if the boat made her seasick even before she boarded it.

"Oh, dear," she lamented, "I thought we were going on a cruise boat. I never thought it would look unsteady like that. I wanted an immaculate launch or something. Not a tub!" She was ready to cry with disappointment.

"But it is much more interesting," Grace said, "to go on a queer little boat that isn't meant for tourists. That's the most fascinating part of travel—to adapt yourself to the things local people have. You'll get more color in your movies this way."

Esther looked unconvinced. And that night, as we made our plans to leave the cottage at four the next morning so as not to delay the five o'clock start, she was half inclined to take her way back home. If the weather had been unpropitious we would have lost one member of our party, I am sure.

But on Tuesday, even before dawn, pink clouds were sailing in the clear sky and the water was as smooth as silk. It seemed foolish to put on our heaviest woollens, but the Lake Superior trip can be an Arctic one even in midsummer. We drove down to the dock and, parking the cars near the Coast Guard quarters, we carried our luggage onto the boat.

It was a ridiculous small boat, with provisions and supplies piled so high on the seat which ran around the enclosed cabin that there was no place to sit. The upper deck was open, wind-swept and cindery. Passengers really seemed unnecessary. The engineer brushed us aside as he clambered in and out of the little pit where his engine shook and jiggled. Finally we unearthed some camp chairs and put them up across the cabin.

The boat started promptly, and from its upper deck we watched Grand Marais and its forested hills touched by the rosy dawn light, and congratulated ourselves on the lovely morning. But as soon as we were outside the tiny harbor, fog clamped down, cold and clammy. In early summer there are constant fogs, as warm air from the land encounters the still icy lake atmosphere and its moisture condenses.

"What about breakfast?" we asked the engineer.

"The captain will get it, but not until this fog lifts," he told us.

Short Esther grew tired of waiting in the cold cabin. Though Grace and I, absorbed in studying maps, did not know it, she took possession of the galley and began to get breakfast. She coaxed Betty and Slim Esther into helping her. They scoured the table and stove, prepared coffee and toast, and even bacon and eggs. Our Esther, who had taken such a dislike to the boat the night before, had made an about-face and had adopted it!

We had a wonderful and hilarious breakfast. Instead of shivering in the clammy cabin, here we were, snug and warm, with plenty of coffee and laughter. Two of the Scandinavian crew, who had been loading the boat all night, were asleep on make-shift bunks behind the table and they wakened to blink at us in astonishment.

The engineer came in for coffee and reported that the captain couldn't believe his ears. "Do we really have a bunch of good sports aboard for once!" he said. It seems that many passengers, not realizing that they are taken simply as a favor, resent the lack of luxury and have often been rude. The engineer sat down with us, and he and Short Esther, who knows some Swedish, began to match each other at Scandinavian tongue-twisters. Just try saying, "Sju tusen sju hundra sjuttio sju sjösjuk sjömän sjönko i sjön," which is, "Seven thousand seven hundred seventy-seven seasick seamen sank in the sea!"

It grew foggier than ever after breakfast. I didn't mind, for I was reading Grace's book, *Lake Superior*, which had just been



Illustrated by

FRANCIS LEE JAKUES

published. It was fun to read it while I voyaged with its author on the lake itself.

When I finished it, I discovered that my companions had vanished; I had been too engrossed to realize they were gone. Now I climbed the ladderlike steps to the upper deck muffled in white fog. There all four were, snug in the pilot-house with the captain. What an honor! This must be a reward for getting the breakfast.

The captain stood at the wheel, looking into the mist. The four girls sat on the long bench behind him, and there was room for me, too, if we huddled close together.

It was very cosy, here in our glassed-in perch, after the raw wind outside. We joked and chattered—I am afraid too much so for the captain's comfort. He was trying to hear the horn from the lighthouse on the Rock of Ages, off the western tip of Isle Royale. We were getting near enough to the rocky outcrops so that he had to know exactly where he was. He was really worried about his course since we could hear no sound from the lighthouse, and the fog grew denser and denser.

"I told one of the Forest Service we were going on a sixty-five-foot boat," Betty said lightheartedly, "and he said he had lost more friends on sixty-five-foot boats on Lake Superior than in any other way!"

Just then we heard the deep note of the warning horn and the captain relaxed. Not long after, the fog lifted and we caught our first glimpse of the long shoreline of Isle Royale. Very gratifying, for the mate had been telling us that this was the most difficult navigation of the continent, even worse than the inside passage to Alaska since around Isle Royale lie scattered one hundred and five islets and innumerable rocks, reefs, and ledges.

Isle Royale itself is a great sliver, almost fifty miles long and nine miles wide. We went along by its steep, forested cliffs,

and toward midafternoon we began to approach the northeast end of the island which is like the fingers of a hand, with five chains of islands and peninsulas and four fiordlike harbors. Here we stopped at a series of fishing places to unload cargo and deliver mail.

It was raining now, and out from shore in the gray mist would come stout little *put-puts*, or we would tie up to a dock where the whole community, assembled for their one contact with the outside world, would be collecting mail and seizing groceries or mail orders. Betty amused herself greatly by taking a movie sequence of a man opening his gaudy birthday cards.

Red gasoline cans, boats drawn up on the rocks, fishing nets and gear, all made fascinating pictures. At every stop we heard the sparkling ecstasy of the winter wren's song, so surprisingly powerful from a bird even tinier than our house wren. A few fish ducks (mergansers) were about, and the loons whose wild laughter I always love to hear.

Short Esther's spirits were high and she had a fine time encouraging the fishermen as they swung aboard their wooden boxes of fish packed in ice. "Heave ho, my merry fishermen!" she called. "Where do you find so many fish?"

"Promise not to repeat it?" one answered.

"No, I honestly won't."

"We find them in Lake Superior!"

Gulls sat on the tiny weatherbeaten fish houses. The men's faces were weatherbeaten, too. A boy of eight was in one boat;

the engineer said the youngster had never been away from the island. (The engineer also told us about his own arrival in America from Sweden. "Yust think," he said, "when I come over I couldn't say *en-yin-er*—and now I *am* one.")

As we threaded our way through the islands, the rain stopped and the mist vanished. We watched foamy gray clouds float past the cliffs that walled the smooth water.

We were all tired after our early rising and were glad when, about seven in the evening, we caught sight of our inn on a pine-shadowed shore—the only place which was open to visitors on the whole island, because of war conditions. Our host and hostess met us at the dock and escorted us along the rocky shore and through pine woods starred with small flowers.

My four companions had reserved a cabin and I had a room in the inn itself. How glad we were to leap into our beds!

When I woke in the morning to look out at blue sparkles in the water and gold sparkles in the sky, I felt deep gratitude to Lee for insisting that I come to the Isle. I hurried out into the exhilarating, breezy morning and explored a path, deep in wild flowers, along the rugged shore, before I met the others for breakfast. The dining room was a separate building among the pines, and here we breakfasted and then decided to take the launch trip, with the other guests of the inn, to Passage Island.

This is one of the larger of the innumerable islets that are sprinkled about Isle Royale. Passage Island has the eastern light-house, as the Rock of Ages has the (Continued on page 30)



"I ROOMED IN THE INN ON THE PINE-SHADOWED SHORE, AND THE OTHERS SLEPT IN A SMALL CABIN"

Now is the time to plan your sports wardrobe, so that when summer rolls around you'll be

READY FOR *Action!*

By LUCIE LYONS

Associate Fashion Editor, Woman's Home Companion



IT'S ALMOST time—time to ride a crashing breaker, to dive into a pale blue pool, to hike through warm, sweet-smelling woods; time to leap into the air after a tennis ball, to swing your golf club in a neat, clean arc. Pretty soon your skates will whirl over hot pavements. Your days will be filled with action—and you'll be dressed to move easily, quickly, and comfortably.

Summer clothes for the soda set are gayer than ever this year. Vivid prints, plaids, and stripes go into brief bathing suits and playsuits. Sun-bright colors are popular and white emphasizes your tan.

The trend is toward brevity, toward bare shoulders and mid-riffs. But there are more covered-up styles for you who burn rather than tan, and for those whose figures look better for a bit of concealment.

Take bathing suits. If you're slim as a wand, by all means try the tiny skin-tight panties and halter top. But be sure that the pants are long enough to cover you when you lie on your stomach in the sand, or on the pool's edge. If they're too short, they ride up ungracefully. There are some elasticized suits around. Maybe you can find one of them, but they are still scarce.

If you're a bit on the chubby side, you'll look better at the beach in one of those suits with a full little skirt—some are gathered, dirndle-like, on a waistband. These are particularly good for the girl whose stomach is rounder than she'd like. If hips are your problem, a skirt that flares out smoothly from the waist line will disguise the inches.

Halter tops are shown with nearly all these types of suits and look well on the girl who has some bust. If you're quite flat, however, the one-piece bathing suit, either in classic wool jersey or of printed fabric, will be much more comfortable.

Far Right: THERE ARE PLENTY OF ACTION POSSIBILITIES IN THIS PLAYSUIT, AND IT'S GOOD FOR SUNNING, TOO. THE COVERED SHOULDERS AND BARE MIDRIFF ARE NEW

Right: A CLASSIC THREE-PIECE PLAYSUIT SUITABLE FOR ALMOST ANY SPORT, WITH A SEPARATE SKIRT FOR INFORMAL WEAR

Riding a bicycle calls for slacks, or narrow shorts. You'll probably prefer longer shorts, either the length that made such a hit last year (just below the knee) or some that are being introduced this year that come just above the knee.

There's been conversation about the revival of knickerbockers, too. Take a look at your legs before you decide what you want. If your leg is short from knee to ankle, the knickerbockers and below-the-knee-length models are not for you. They'll give you a stumpy look. Wear shorter shorts—or buy yourself some plain blue jeans and roll them up to the most becoming length.

The shirt-tail-out fad still holds and looks best with the shorts described above when you're pedal pushing. You'll find some

Illustrated by
MARY HIGHSMITH





Far Left: MIDRIF-BARING POLKA-DOT TOP, SKIRT, AND JAUNTY SASH HOLDING UP WHITE COTTON SHORTS. YOU MAY FIND IT IN COTTON OR LINENLIKE RAYON

Left: A BODICE TOP WITH AN OVAL NECKLINE AND TINY WING SLEEVES, TEAMED WITH NICELY CUT SHORTS. YOU MAY FIND IT IN COTTON OR LINENLIKE RAYON

Right: A ROUNDED NECKLINE FOR THE TWO-PIECE PRINTED PLAYSUIT AMERICAN GIRLS PRACTICALLY LIVE IN. BUILT FOR ACTION, IT'S FEMININE TOO



dizzy bright plaids in cotton or rayon this summer, though you may have to hunt for them.

For hiking or working around a farm or garden, slacks are good because they protect your legs from brambles and poison ivy. Try a bright red water-repellent jacket over cream or grey wool or spun rayon slacks.

Tennis calls for complete freedom of movement. There are few things that look as well on the court as simple, pleated white shorts—the classic kind. They should be fairly long and look almost like a very short skirt. They can have either a separate top, or be all in one piece. The newest look in separate tops is not the halter, or bra. It's a little bodice that stops at your ribs, leaving the midriff bare. Most of them have oval or square necklines and cap sleeves; others have short set-in sleeves, or no sleeves at all.

Playsuits with separate skirts have been favorites for a long time. When the skirt is buttoned on, the outfit looks like a dress. These are extremely convenient because you can run around the town properly dressed, then peel off your skirt for a fast game of badminton or table tennis. A new development along these lines is the playsuit with a separate dress or jumper to go with it. You can wear the jumper as a sun dress, the playsuit for sports, and the two together for street wear.

When you go shopping, remember that you may not be able to find exactly what you're looking for. Designers are doing a wonderful job for you, in both teen and junior sizes. But fabric is scarce now and may be scarcer. Millions of yards are used for war. If you can't buy what you want ready made, make it yourself.

Don't discard last year's clothes unless they're completely worn out. A dress that's too small might make a pair of shorts and a halter. A skirt that's too short can be lengthened with a wide band of contrasting color—red on an old blue or white

dress; green on yellow; or white on anything. If the dress is too short-waisted, rip the skirt and top apart and make a bare midriff outfit. Set the skirt on a band and bind the bottom of the blouse with contrasting material. If skirt and top are too tight, set in a narrow strip at the side seams. Look at the pictures of this year's clothes and see what you can do to revive the old ones. It's fun to make something out of an object that, at first glance, looks like nothing.

It's almost summer. Time to think about sailing and canoeing and long blue-and-gold days in the sun. Have a good time—and don't get too sunburned.



ROLL YOUR BLUE JEANS UP TO THE MOST BECOMING LENGTH, AND TRY TO MAKE YOUR SHORTS COME JUST ABOVE THE KNEE

FOR THE LAND'S SAKE

PART FIVE

THE voice that answered when I said "Hello!" sounded so much like Harry's voice to me that for a blinding, happy second, I thought it must be Harry, unexpectedly at home. But it was not. It was his father.

"Is that you, Lucy Ellen?" he said. "How are you getting on?" He asked if Father's health was improving and if Mother liked Florida. I soon guessed that he was stalling for time. He had not called up at that hour just to pass the time of day with me. I waited, tense in every muscle, to hear what his real message was.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," he went on. "I might have waited until morning, but I was afraid someone else might call you first and give you a shock."

"Is it something about Harry?" I breathed. "Is it *very* bad news?"

He cleared his throat. I could tell he was making a terrific effort to make his voice sound normal. "I had a telegram from the War Department a little while ago," he said. "Harry is reported missing in action."

I clutched the telephone to steady myself. I tried to speak, but I only made a croaking sound like a baby with the croup. I tried again. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lee," I said.

"I know," he muttered in his kind voice. "But we won't take it too hard. Many of the missing men later turn up safe and sound, you know, or at the worst in prison camps."

I tried to agree with him, but I could not speak. I could only make that croaking sound again.

"I'll be over to see you in the morning," he said. "Go to bed now, and try to go to sleep."

I hung up the phone and groped my way back upstairs. I crawled into bed and pulled the covers over my head so that Pat, in the next room, would not hear me crying. But the tears did not come. I just lay there with my eyes wide open and dry, thinking about Harry. I imagined him lost and wounded and dying of thirst in the jungle, trying in vain to crawl back to camp through the elephant grass. I imagined him so badly mangled by bomb fragments that identification was not possible, and I thought how we might wonder, the rest of our lives, what became of him. I imagined him lying stone dead on a beach, like a boy I had seen in the newsreel.

My mind went racing back to the time when I was six and he was ten. He and Pete had gone fishing in our pond and I had tagged along after them. They didn't know I was there until Harry heard a splash and looked around—and there I was, drowning! He fished me out and shook me by the heels; and when I was revived he scolded me fiercely for being a tomboy and always in the way.

Then I remembered a rainy winter afternoon when we were at dancing school. It was my first party. I was scared stiff and sat looking at my new patent leather slippers and wishing to die because no one had asked me for the first dance. Then I saw Harry coming, his hair slicked down with water, grinning broadly, and he asked me to be his partner. All the girls were dying to



"I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!"
HE SHOUTED BACK AT DICK

dance with Harry, because he was taller than most of the boys and could dance better, but I was the one he rushed.

All the sweet, nice, friendly, witty things he'd ever said or done kept running through my brain like a motion picture film, and no matter whether my eyes were open or closed I could see his face, lean and brown, and his gorgeous grin as he leaned out of the train window to wave goodbye to me, the last time he was home just before he went overseas. To hear that a man is missing is the worst thing you can hear, because you think then he is either dead or worse. It leaves such an awful range for your imagination.

Daylight began to come at last. First I could see the dim shapes of the furniture in the room and the tree branches outside my windows. Then I could begin to see colors, and after awhile it was broad daylight and the first rays of the sun fell across my rumpled covers.

I could hear Aunt Susan rattling the stove lids in the kitchen and I knew she was building the breakfast fire. I could hear Lavinia come in and speak to her and get the milk buckets from the rack on the porch. I had a sudden new respect for Lavinia. I knew she loved Jim, weak and worthless as he was, and her heart must have been terribly heavy as day after day went by with no word from him. But she went ahead, taking care of the children and doing the milking for us regularly and well. She seldom even mentioned Jim's name.

I did not stir when Aunt Susan called me to get up. I could not bear the thought of starting the day. I could not see any reason for starting it. I just wanted to lie there and I didn't want to get up any more. Pretty soon I heard Aunt Susan calling Pat

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

The Deadly Dozen would be a handful at any time, but Lucy Ellen has to cope with them while she is heart-sick with worry for Harry overseas



Illustrated by
MEG WOHLBERG

and Tommy. Presently Pat came stumbling into my bedroom. "Could I wear your red sweater today?" she asked. "It matches my plaid skirt so much."

I nodded my head. Pat looked at me with sudden attention. "Are you sick, or what is the matter with you, for goodness sake? You look like a ghost!"

"It's Harry," I said. "Something has happened to Harry. I mean he's missing." I began to cry.

"Well, don't feel so bad about that," she said calmly. "Missing people are quite often found. I'm sure he is okay."

"How can you be so heartless?" I sobbed. "I don't believe you even care if we never hear from him again."

"I do care, dope," she said. "I like Harry. He is super. But just because he's missing is no sign he is dead."

She went out and clacked downstairs to breakfast, with her bedroom slippers slapping the stairs as she went. She must have told Tommy and Aunt Susan immediately, because in a little while Tommy came up, deeply embarrassed, and said gruffly, "Aw, gee, don't cry like that, Lucy Ellen. Suppose he had been plain killed? That would be a whole lot worse."

Presently Aunt Susan came lumbering up, grunting with the pain in her lame knees at every step, to bring me a nice breakfast on a tray. I drank the strong, hot coffee, but I could not eat.

Pat and Tommy left for school and Aunt Susan went about her morning work. Someone knocked at the front door, and when she did not go to answer it I put on a housecoat and went down. It was Harry's father, looking terribly much like Harry grown older. We shook hands and I took him into the living room. He was so calm and casual, it helped me to feel more

steady. He asked about Father and the farm, and said he was proud of the way I had taken hold to help him out. Then he said, "And I hope you will go right ahead here, Lucy Ellen, as if nothing had happened to Harry. Just keep busy with the farm. It won't be easy for a while, but it will be the best thing for you. It's the best cure for worry. Will you promise me to do that?"

I nodded my head, not yet trusting myself to speak. He went on to talk about the good percentage of missing men who later are found to be alive. He got up to go and took both my hands in his strong, firm grip. Then he patted my shoulder and picked up his hat.

At the door I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him. "I'm glad you came, Mr. Lee," I said. "I'll remember what you told me."

I watched him driving out, looking as resolute as

General Chennault. He was going to work as usual. Not a word of complaint had he uttered about losing his only son; all he had said on that subject had been to cheer me up.

When he was gone I tried to dress, but I gave it up and lay down across the bed. Aunt Susan came up after a while with the mail. There was a letter from Mother. There were also two letters from Harry, postmarked two days before the date on which he had been reported missing. I put them under my pillow unopened. I wasn't quite ready to read them yet.

All day I stayed in bed. When Pat and Tommy came in, I was still there. They came up to my room.

"Aw, gee," said Tommy, "I wish you would get up. What the heck! This house is as gloomy as a graveyard."

"Let her alone," said Pat curtly. She brought my hair brush and began softly brushing my hair.

They left pretty soon to do the evening work, and I went to sleep. I did not wake until the sun was shining in my face the next morning. At first I wondered what it was that made me feel so worried, and then I remembered about Harry. I rolled over and hid my face in the pillow. But pretty soon I had to get up. A man had come with a load of coal—I had to write him a check. I ate some breakfast and then I went to see about the hens.

Tommy came out to the laying room. "I spoke to the boys about helping us gather the corn," he said. "They talked like they might do it. Do you want them to come Saturday, if it doesn't rain?"

The last thing I wanted right then was to have to cope with the Deadly Dozen, but I thought about the corn in the field and the fact that the winter rains might begin in a month or so. I

The Story So Far

Lucy Ellen Downing, daughter of a Tennessee farmer, starting her sophomore year at college, feels an urge to do something to help her country at war. This is stimulated by the fact that her best friend, Fanny Oliver, is taking training to be an Army nurse; her older brother, Pete, is in the Army Air Corps; and Harry Lee, to whom she is practically engaged, is a lieutenant serving in the South Pacific.

Lucy Ellen's opportunity to serve her country—and her family as well—is not long in coming. Her father, who has had pneumonia, is ordered by the doctor to convalesce in Florida and her mother goes with him to care for him. Lucy Ellen, who has always been a social butterfly, offers to come home from college and run the huge Downing farm in her parents' absence. Her father is forced to accept her offer, since labor is unobtainable in that region.

With many misgivings, gay and pretty Lucy Ellen undertakes the job. For outside work she has only Jim, a hired man, far from reliable; for housework, old Aunt Susan, the colored cook; and for help after school, her young brother and sister, Tommy and Pat.

As soon as Mr. Downing has gone out of the door, trouble comes in. Jim announces that he must go to town to have an aching tooth pulled—and doesn't come back. Lucy Ellen is in despair. The stock must be fed, the cows must be milked, and the hay is ready to cut. Pat and Tommy prove to be unexpectedly efficient helpers and, under Pat's supervision, Lucy Ellen learns to milk. She herself drives the mower and cuts the hay, while Tommy follows with the mules hitched to the hayrake. The crop is worth a thousand dollars—and after breaking a blade of the mower and worrying over a shower which threatens to ruin the hay, Lucy Ellen is fortunate enough to persuade a neighbor, Mr. Myers, to bale and sell it for her when it is dry.

And then comes the corn crop—and who is to gather it? The three Downings go to work with a will, but the task is too big for them. Pat suggests that Tommy's "gang" at school, the "Deadly Dozen," might like to earn some extra money helping to gather the corn. While Lucy Ellen is debating this move, she is called to the telephone in the middle of the night.

said, "Yes, do your best to get them all to come." Sometimes in a book or a movie you see people nursing broken hearts, but in real life it's different. I mean people expect you to go ahead as usual. Perhaps it's because broken hearts are no rarity these days.

ON SATURDAY morning I was waked by something that sounded like a pack of coyotes howling. I looked out the window and saw that the Deadly Dozen had arrived in a body. Tommy, from his bedroom, gave an answering call that made the rafters tremble. I hurried into his room.

"Tell the boys I'll be right down," I said. "I didn't expect them quite so early."

"That's okay," said Tommy, hustling into his overalls. "We'll go ahead to the barn and hitch up the wagon. You don't even need to come to the field. We'll get along fine."

Clearly, masculine support had bolstered Tommy's morale not a little. He had confided to me that he was "sick and tired of farming with women." I watched him and his pals starting to the barn. Their energy was terrific. I mean they did not bother to open the gate, they jumped over it. I wondered if they would stop with pulling the ears of corn, or if they would uproot the stalks also.

Downstairs, I had to face the dread task of telling Aunt Susan the boys would be there for lunch. Aunt Susan has always despised the job of cooking for field hands. In recent years she hasn't had much of it to do. I feared downright mutiny if I told her that the Deadly Dozen would be with us every Saturday until the corn was gathered.

My worst fears were justified. When I broke the news, Aunt Susan turned on me like a viper.

"My rheumatism is killin' me," she said. "Ah hasn't close my eyes dis night, fur de misery, and here I got to fix dinner fur a gang 'er boys which ain't got no limits on dey appetite. Wyn't dey bring dey lunch wit' 'em? Dat's whut I lak to know!"

I tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. "I'll fix their lunch, Aunt Susan," I said meekly. "You just tell me what to fix."

"I'll fix hit dis one time, I reckon," she answered, banging the oven door so hard that a can of pepper bounced out of the warming oven and fell to the floor. "But I ain't promisin' to fix hit no more."

To escape the hostile atmosphere of the kitchen I hurried on to my housework, and as soon as I could I left for the cornfield. I wanted to see how the boys were getting on.

Compared to the way Pat, Tommy, and I had done, to say nothing of the way Lavinia and the children and I had floundered, the boys were a miracle of efficiency. The first load was nearly ready to go to the barn. At the rate they were going, I thought my worries about the corn crop would soon be ended.

I got on the wagon, and when the load was finished I rode to the barn with four of the boys, to help unload. I told Tommy and the others to keep right on pulling corn and piling it for the next load until we got back.

The four on the wagon declined my offer to help them unload. "You are too pretty," they told me gallantly. "You are going to be our pin-up girl. You take it easy. We'll unload this corn in two shakes. Just watch our smoke. Excuse our dust!" They laughed uproariously and immoderately. They tossed the ears of corn at the crib door so fast and furiously that half of it missed the opening and fell outside in the hall of the barn. Unobtrusively I got off the wagon and began retrieving the scattered ears.

A slight argument arose over which one had unloaded the most corn, and without warning Dickie Webb knocked Junior Evans backward out of the wagon. Junior wasn't hurt, apparently, but he was furious.

"I'll teach you to knock me out of a wagon! I'll break your neck!" he shouted at Dickie and started scrambling up the side of the wagon bed.

I grabbed at his flapping shirttail and tried to hold him. The desperate thought crossed my mind that the two boys might kill each other. I have never envied Madame Perkins her job as Secretary of Labor. I mean I wouldn't accept it at twice the salary. After my experiences with the Deadly Dozen, I don't see how anybody could hope to keep all the coal miners and other workers in a peaceable frame of mind.

"Listen here," I said sternly, "you all didn't come out here to fight. Dickie, you started this. You had better go back to the cornfield and help gather corn for the next load—and send Ted Williams to help in your place."

"I'm not going to do it," Dickie told me, planting his feet wide apart. I knew that the showdown had come. My authority over the other boys was at stake. I drew a deep breath.

"Then you will have to go home," I said. "I'm the boss of this farm right now, and people who won't mind me have to leave. Come on with me to the house and I'll pay you your wages. You have worked a quarter of a day."

Dickie stared at me defiantly. I wondered desperately what to do if he refused to leave, but I looked at him steadily and then I said, "If you want to come back next Saturday and make a fresh start, you can come. But you have broken the rules today and you have to go. That's fair, isn't it?"

Dickie kicked at the corn in the wagon and did not answer. But the other three shouted, "Sure, it's fair! And if you can't make him go, we can. Want us to do it?"

"I won't need any help," I said, still blithely bluffing. "Dick and I can settle this. Come along, Dick."

Sulkily he climbed down off the wagon and followed me

to the house. I paid him forty cents and he left. He didn't return my smile when I said goodby, but he mumbled something that I took to be goodby.

My legs were trembling as I walked back to the barn, but I was thankful that I had weathered the first crisis. We finished unloading and went rattling back to the cornfield to get the second load. At the sight of the hefty piles they had ready for us in the field, I said, "Boys, this is wonderful. By night we will have eight loads in the crib easily."

At that they glanced sheepishly at one another and finally Ted Adams said, "We just meant to work till noon today. We always go to the movies on Saturday afternoon."

"But please stay all day," I begged. "I'll tell you what. Help me all day and I'll give you each a free ticket to the show tonight, on top of your wages. I'll take you in on the truck because there won't be a bus at that time, and I'll get you there for the seven o'clock show. Will you do that?"

There was a heated discussion. Some said they would stay; some said they would rather quit at noon. Steve Wilson seemed to be the acknowledged leader. He now thumped on the side of the wagon bed for order.

"Be quiet," he said. "We'll vote on it. Majority rules. All in favor of staying all day, raise your hands." Five more hands went up.

"You didn't vote, Steve," I said, "and that makes a draw. You'll have to take another vote and vote yourself. But first I want to say something."

"Silence," hissed the boys. "She's going to make a speech."

I was a little dashed by the respectful attention I got, but I rose to the occasion the best I could. "All of you boys would like to be soldiers," I said. "Most of you want to be fighter pilots. If you were a few years older, you would be on the fighting fronts where some of your big brothers are now. But just because you can't be there, shooting guns, doesn't mean you can't help win the war. Soldiers have to eat. If you pitch in and save this corn crop, you will have saved several tons of food your country needs. If you walk off and leave it, just to see a movie—well, I think it would show you didn't care much who wins the war."

"That's right, fellows," said Red Harrel, spitting on his palms. "Let's get back to work."

"Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" yelled little Henry Parsons, waving a cornstalk.

Amid ribald cheers, they went back to work. I heaved a sigh of relief. Pretty soon I decided that my patriotic speech had inspired them too much. They began to pretend that the wagon bed was a Japanese pillbox and that the ears of corn were hand grenades. With wild whoops they hurled the ears at the wagon bed. I thought that most of the grains would surely be shattered off the ears if they kept it up, but shelled corn was better than none.

By eleven-thirty they told me they were starving. "When will dinner be ready?" they demanded. "When do we eat?"

"Aunt Susan will ring the farm bell when dinner's ready," I told them. "She usually has dinner about twelve o'clock."

But that day it was twelve-thirty before the bell rang. By that time the boys were behaving like a pack of man-eating tigers. They stormed into the house, and only with the greatest difficulty could I persuade them to wash their hands before they went to the table.

Aunt Susan had arranged for them to eat in the breakfast room, and it was terribly crowded. "Maybe we should have set the table in the dining room," I said.

"I sho' don't aim to turn loose dat passel 'er boys in yo' Ma's nice dinin' room," Aunt Susan said with scorn. "Dey would tear hit limb fum limb."

The boys liked the food—and well they might! Aunt Susan had cooked the large potroast originally intended for our Sunday dinner, and served it up royally with whole onions, potatoes, turnips, and carrots. She passed great plates of flaky biscuits, and for dessert she gave them luscious apple dumplings with hard sauce. The boys showed their appreciation by the way they ate. I mean Houdini himself couldn't have made the food disappear faster. If soldiers eat like the Deadly Dozen, I don't see how an Army is ever fed.

I helped serve the dessert. I was feeling greatly pleased that there had been no accidents or misbehavior to add to Aunt

Susan's annoyance, but my pleasure was short-lived. Tommy broke the good spell by knocking over his last glass of milk. Aunt Susan had not finished mopping it up, when Red Harrel got up to leave the table. As he pulled his chair back, it struck against the window somehow and shattered a pane.

Aunt Susan stalked in with a broom and shovel to sweep up the bits of glass. As she started back to the kitchen she either tripped, or Steve tripped her. I'll never know exactly how it happened, but I heard the crash—and when I looked around there sat Aunt Susan on the floor, her feet wide apart and bits of glass all around her.

"Dis here is de las' day I aim to cook dinner fuh any gang 'er boys. Limbs uv Satan, dat's all dey is," she said.

Some of the boys helped her to her feet; then all of them, intimidated by her thundering tones, tiptoed out of the house. But once outside they let themselves go in whoops and yells of laughter. Aunt Susan heard them. She went grimly about her dishwashing, not speaking, not singing. Silence, in her, is always a bad sign. Oil and water are congenial companions compared to Aunt Susan and the Deadly Dozen.

I was not surprised to see her go to her cabin as soon as the dishes were done. When she came out, a little later, she was dressed for a weekend in town. She had on her printed silk, her black hat trimmed

with frayed ostrich, her size nine patent-leather slippers. She carried her brown coat, her large imitation alligator handbag, and her bulging black umbrella, though it couldn't have looked less like rain.

In silence I paid her wages. I thought best not to inquire into her plans. I mean I had the feeling that she might go off any minute, like a time bomb. I (Continued on page 36)



"I HOPE YOU WILL GO RIGHT AHEAD, LUCY ELLEN, JUST AS IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED"



GIRL SCOUTS

*can't wait to
get back to*
CAMP!

"JUST LAZIN' IN THE SUN IS THE MOSTEST FUN!" WITH ALL THE INTERESTING ACTIVITIES THEY HAVE AT CAMP, GIRL SCOUTS HAVE TIME FOR LAZING, TOO

Right: NO WASHBOARD BLUES FOR THIS CAMPER. HER SMILE SAYS THAT EVEN CHORES CAN BE FUN AT CAMP

Below: WHEN THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE LAKE, PACK BASKETS ARE UNLOADED AND CAMPERS TAKE TO CANOES



Below: ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, CAMP COUNSELORS WILL SOON BE GETTING TENTS READY FOR THE FIRST GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS





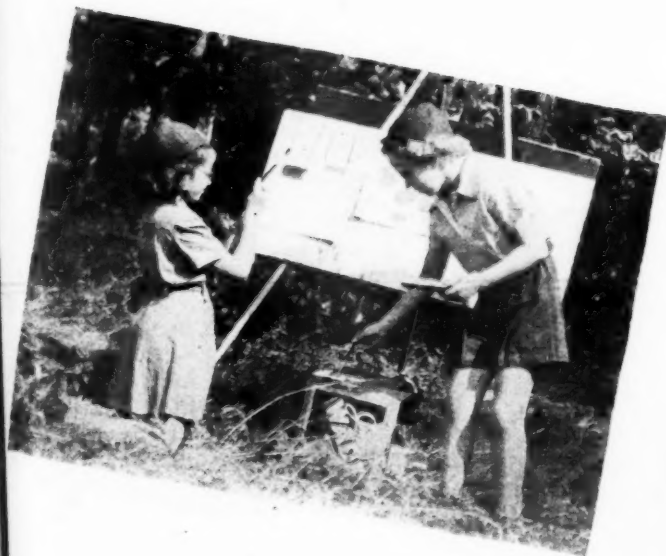
ALM, WHAT COULD SMELL MORE DELICIOUS THAN BACON AND EGGS FRYING OUT-OF-DOORS IN THE EARLY MORNING!

Above left: GIRL SCOUTS REALIZE THAT SINGING AFTER SUPPER IS A HAPPY WAY TO START THE CAMP EVENING

Left: BROWNIES THINK THAT THERE ARE FEW THINGS MORE FUN THAN LETTING THEMSELVES GO WITH PAINT AND WATER

Below: CAMPERS FIND IT HARD TO WAIT FOR LUNCH WHEN THERE'S A BATCH OF BISCUITS IN THE REFLECTOR OVEN

Photographs above and below by Paul Parker



SOON
MPERS



CAMP DRAMATICS GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE FOR SELF-EXPRESSION



GIRL SCOUTS HURDLE THEIR *Handicaps*

By MARGARET C. LEWIS, M.D.

Girl Scout National Staff

Left: GIRL SCOUTS IN THE MISSOURI BAPTIST HOSPITAL FILLING "HOUSEWIVES" FOR SOLDIERS. ONE HAS BEEN A BED PATIENT FOR THIRTEEN YEARS. Below: THESE SCOUTS IN A WISCONSIN SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND MADE FAG BAGS



A TROOP OF CRIPPLED GIRLS AT OAKMAN SCHOOL IN DETROIT MADE THEIR GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



WITH the war reaching in some way into every home, we are hearing a great deal about handicaps these days. Magazines and movies tell us how to act, if those who went off to war from our families come back with some temporary or permanent injury that is hard to face. A lot of *don'ts* are on this list: Don't cry. Don't cringe. Don't question. Don't ignore, but don't be too anxious to help. Don't overemphasize. All of these are good points, but it is the last one, *don't overemphasize*, that comes first for us here because it has proved its worth in our own Girl Scout groups.

In reading through many reports of interesting activities done by Girl Scouts throughout the country, so many of the letterheads read *School for the Deaf, Institute for the Blind, State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis, or Shriner's Hospital for the Crippled* that we felt every AMERICAN GIRL reader would be interested in hearing about some of the ideas and projects these troops have carried out.

Do you know that our membership includes almost three thousand girls whose health ratings may be under par, but whose Scout records match any—and top many—of their more rugged sisters? Brownies, Inter-

mediates, and Seniors not only keep in step, but sometimes lead the way.

For instance, consider the *Nature* score sent in some time ago by a troop of blind girls in Louisville, Kentucky. One week in early May they planned a nature hike, the object being to list all the signs of spring they could find in half an hour. One patrol brought in twenty-nine items, including such things as "soft or muddy earth," "the sound of rippling water in the river," "plowed land," "crops coming up," "people wearing light clothing," "doves cooing," "insects buzzing," "the smell of fresh green plants," "robins singing," and "a lawn mower being used."

If you are a Victory Gardener (and I hope you are) you'll be interested to know that one of last year's best gardens carried a crippled troop's interest through almost a whole Scout year. From January to April, flower and vegetable seed catalogs were carefully studied and choices made between raising food for the table or flowers for the bed patients. Half the group voted for flowers and the other half for food. In the spring, window box gardens were started. Seeds were carefully planted in eggshells set in boxes on window ledges in the wards.

It was a big moment when the little plants

were sturdy enough to be set outside. A garden plot, visible from the window, was given to the girls so they could watch their garden grow even while they were in bed. Those who could not leave their beds became letter-perfect in what should be done, while those who could get about were able to help care for the precious plot. A sister troop nearby worked with the girls during the summer. In this outdoor activity, they had a grand chance to share in a harvest that yielded friendship as well as vegetables and flowers.

Most girls love *Sports and Games* and some handicapped Scouts are most ingenious in the way they work on this badge. A troop in Milwaukee's McKinley School did an especially entertaining bit of badge interpretation. Because of having had rheumatic fever and infantile paralysis, they could not go out for the big events, but they did learn all of the rules which athletes must obey and why. They learned, too, how to set up a tournament and carry it out so that one person is finally victorious. Then they put on their own tournaments of bean bags and checkers.

Health and Safety badges are popular with all of the girls. Bed-making as a Scout activity is fun, and for those who must stay in

bed square corners are conquered on a miniature-sized model, complete with rubber pad and draw sheet, as part of a *Homemaking* project. If you think that sounds easy, try it with a doll's bed, and you'll soon learn otherwise.

Sunshine Troop in the School for the Blind in Bathgate, North Dakota, put on a *Citizenship Week* program which offers good suggestions. Each morning two of the girls of the troop were in charge of chapel exercises. Short talks were given by them on loyalty, teamwork, honesty, health, fair play, and other topics appropriate for the program. In addition to the talks, they had recitations that illustrated the points they wished to make. All of the students wore red-white-and-blue badges the Scouts had made, and patriotic songs were led by the troop.

In *Arts and Crafts* these girls hold their own with the best. Pottery, weaving, sketching, sewing, and block printing make their meeting places bright and colorful. *Music* is a special favorite, too, and music appreciation and history of the theatre kept two troops of bed patients interested throughout the winter. Carefully chosen records made them familiar with the way an orchestra is assem-

If you are interested in birthday parties (and who isn't?) you will enjoy the report of this one from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. At the *State School for the Blind* there, the troop celebrated their tenth birthday last month. They had had the same leaders for ten years. Miss Ila Parent, one of the leaders since the founding of the troop, called the roll and each member present answered, telling where she is now living and what she is doing. Some of the charter members lived too far away to come to the celebration, but they sent letters.

The present troop then presented a clever program of activities they had enjoyed during the year. For instance, nature study was presented with the girls on the stage studying the model of the bird while the talking machine gave bird calls and a description of the bird. Stories were read from the Braille edition of the *Junior Red Cross News*, and a beautiful afghan, which the girls had knitted, was presented to the Red Cross. Miss Nannie Poston, the other leader, assisted throughout the meeting. The totally blind Girl Scout who served as toastmistress, read the program from Braille.

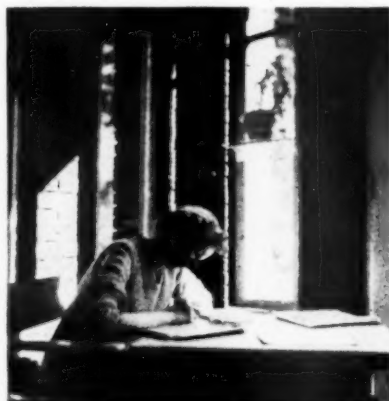
All Girl Scouts like to feel that they have

a part in *Community Service* and we find these troops knitting for the Red Cross, making baby layettes for the Needlework Guild, and bedside bags for servicemen's hospitals. In addition, a troop at the *State School for the Blind* in Janesville, Wisconsin, made fag bags for the National Forest Fire Prevention Campaign. Fag bags are the small, fiery-red sacks in which the visitors to State and National forests are invited to put their matches, cigarettes, and smoking materials as a warning not to start fires by throwing away lighted cigarettes or matches which are not really out. In Rome, New York, the group from the School for the Deaf trimmed all the Christmas trees at the Air Base Hospital, while in Newington, Connecticut, crippled troops made Victory corsages of War Savings Stamps as their community service.

Like all other Scouts, these girls want to meet people, to visit interesting places, and to have a part in community activities and war services. Many of you already know what fun it is to do things for, and with these troops. A grand group of women interested in the blind have been transcribing the different badges for our thirty-three blind troops for almost two years. Working with them is a high school junior, Audrey Lee Harris. Audrey, a member of a Senior Girl Scout troop in Wheaton, Illinois makes Braille copies of the *Games* badge. In Montclair, New Jersey, the Girl Scouts inherited one of the two best Braille presses in the country, and now their Senior Girl Scouts make calendars and Christmas cards in Braille.

You, too, can have the fun of getting acquainted and exchanging ideas with some of these splendid troops. Is there one in or near your town? And if so, how about getting together on some Scout activities? If there is no near-by troop, would you like to get acquainted by a "post exchange"—which could be done by writing to Girl Scout National Headquarters where the list of troops is kept?

Because *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is so popular with Girl Scouts in hospital and school troops, I am hoping that you girls will be among the first to write—and you'll be interested to know that a great many of your own *AMERICAN GIRL* stories, articles, and poems are republished in Braille in the magazine *Searchlight* for the use of the blind. Also, if you have any new ideas, "success stories," or photographs, please send them along so that we can keep up-to-date on how to hurdle handicaps, too.



AUDREY LEE HARRIS, A SENIOR GIRL SCOUT, MAKES COPIES OF SCOUT BADGES IN BRAILLE FOR THE USE OF BLIND GIRLS



bled, the functions of the different types of instruments, and the blending of the whole. This they followed with the study of lives of composers of various countries for *World Knowledge*, the stories of children's operas and operettas, and the folk songs and Negro spirituals their own country offers. Whenever possible, they dramatized or made a game to fit the music, and in this way they have some grand times even though they must play such games without a great deal of moving.

When you are thinking up a special project in the fields of *Literature and Dramatics*, you might consider this suggestion that came from one of Rhode Island's crippled troops while they were at Camp Hoffman. The girls wrote a playlet about a very old house on the property, and produced it for the school staff and visitors with shadowgraphs they themselves had made. Old timers had told the campers stories of the earlier days, and their tales had been supplemented by an old book of town records. Styles in clothes, homes, and entertainments of yesteryear were demonstrated in the shadowgraph figures.



Above left: HAVING FUN AT A SHRINER'S CAMP FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN IN GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Left: SCOUTS AT SAINT MARY'S, A SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF IN BUFFALO, EARN PERSONAL HEALTH BADGES

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relieve itchy smarting of pimply spots
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Let Resinol help you as it does other girls.

RESINOL OINTMENT
AND SOAP

ISLAND HOLIDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

western. Though it is only four miles out
from Isle Royale, it is sometimes very diffi-
cult to cross the channel to it and man-
wrecks have occurred, for there are strong
winds and treacherous ledges.

But this morning was fair, though the
breeze was stiff enough to make the launch
bound like a rabbit. We all enjoyed the bril-
liant blue of water and sky, and the glimpses
of Thunder Harbor and the Sleeping Giant
on the far-off Canadian shores. But it was
when we landed on Passage Island itself that
our party of five flower-lovers was really in
a heaven of delight.

For Passage Island is exceptional in its
flowers. Isle Royale itself is unusual enough
in its floral transition from the southwest end
of the island to the northeast is like going
from a temperate land to a northern climate.
Botanists revel in its wide range of flora, but
the moose have been so abundant there that
the island has been overbrowsed. Passage Is-
land has the plants which Isle Royale has
before the moose became so abundant.

All four of my comrades were camera-
minded and -handed, and their main objective
on this trip was to get color photographs of
the summer flowers. No place could have
been more favorable than Passage Island.

The moment we landed on the great granite
ledges of the shore we began to find treasures.
The bright painted cups and Indian paint
brush mingled with harebells, buttercups, and
daisies. But it was when we left the immacu-
late lighthouse and took a path into the
spruce woods that we began to find flowers
entirely new to me.

Slim Esther was in her element. So many
rarities were here and she delighted in shar-
ing her knowledge with me. I had never met
the small orchids before, and it was exciting
to find that the little stems with their in-
significant flowers were really, when we
looked at them through Esther's magnifying
glass, sprays of exotic blossoms, perfect and
just as intricate as the large orchids we see
at flower shows. But as we rushed about dis-
covering the early coral root, the ladies'
tresses and the slender ladies' tresses, the
green wood orchis, the yellow-green and the
greenish-white ones, I despaired of ever re-
membering which was which.

Next Esther introduced the pyrola family
and I was especially taken with them. There
was only one I had met before was the pipsissewa,
on Long Island, which is a dear little plant in
spite of its appalling name. But now I fell
in love at first sight with the one-flowered
pyrola, whose five petals of glistening and
delicate white, rising from a cluster of dark
leaves, has the fragrance of lily-of-the-valley.

I felt very lucky to be with these girls who
had so much botanical knowledge, for on
field trips I am usually with ornithologists
who watch birds in the air instead of petals
on the ground. Flowers are naturally my
great interest; from a tiny child I have
noticed them, while my interest in birds was
only caught, like measles, from my husband.

Slim Esther, our final authority, trod our
path with her field guide and key to the
flower families, her magnifying lens, and
look of the utmost intensity. The path was

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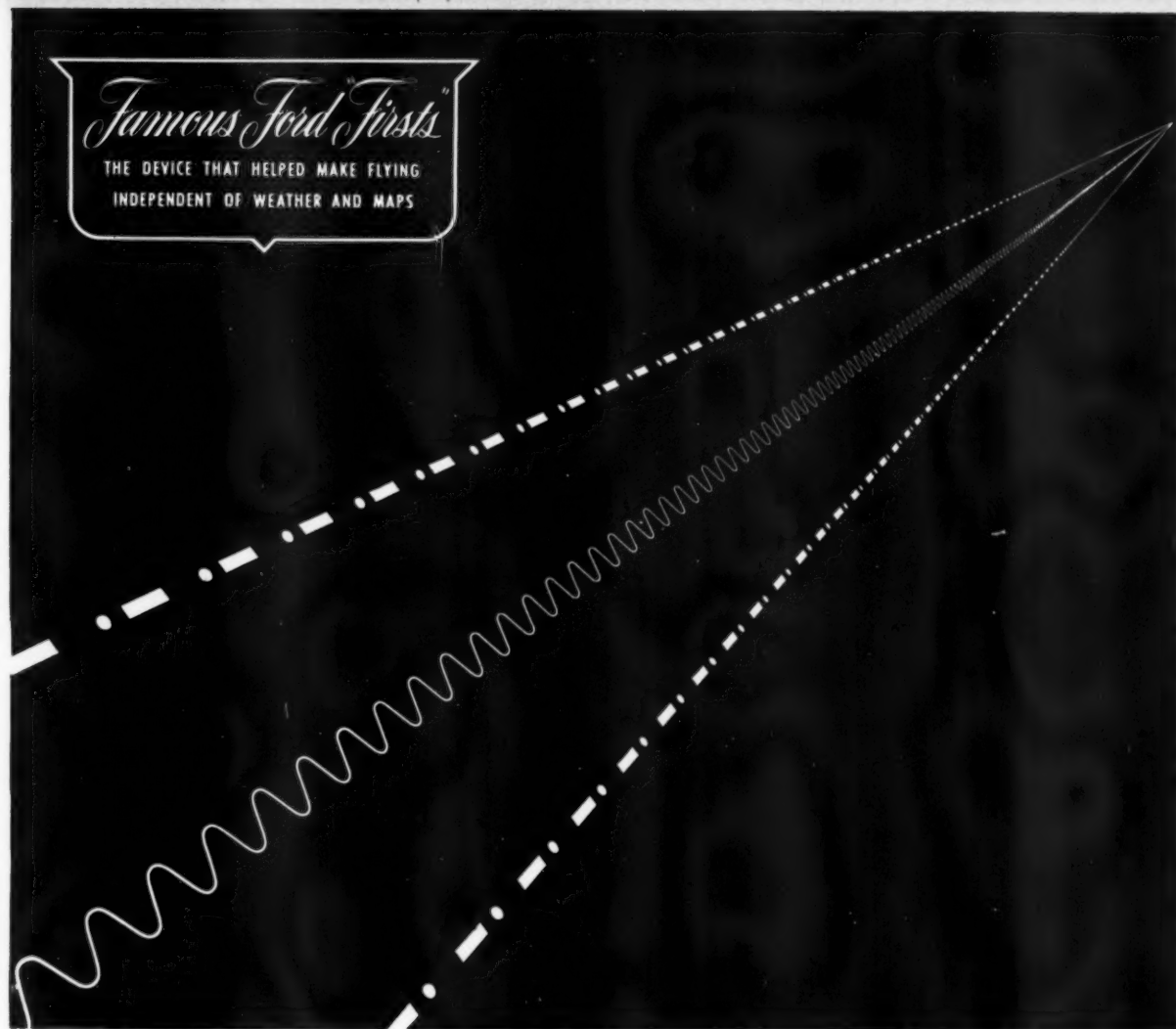
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1st
with a radio beam
for planes!



Through fog and clouds, pilots today fly safe and true along sky highways of sound . . . thanks to Ford engineers.

Eighteen years ago the first radio range system was set up by Ford. And a Ford plane made a daring round-trip flight through a snowstorm from Dearborn to Dayton . . . guided only by radio.

The original Ford radio beacon was essentially the same as the one in use today. Two sending loops were set at a sharp angle to each other. First one, then the other, transmitted a signal. From one was beamed the letter "A" . . . dot-dash. From the other, the letter "N" . . . dash-dot. So rapidly were these Morse code signals sent, that in the middle they merged into a long dash—the pilot's "on course" hum.

This greatest navigation aid has been patented by Ford. But like all Ford developments it is offered free to other concerns.

The radio beacon is just one of many important Ford "firsts". All of them are the result of a desire to help the greatest number of people in the best possible way.

Naturally, Ford-built cars and trucks also benefit from this constant search for new and better ways to do things. Today, the pioneering spirit is more alive than ever at Ford. That's why people all over America continue to "expect the firsts from Ford!"

"THE FORD SHOW". Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday over Coast-to-Coast NBC network. 2:00 P.M., E.W.T., 1:00 P.M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A.M., P.W.T.

EXPECT THE "FIRSTS" FROM FORD!

most beguiling, shadowy one. Down great squared boulders, sheltered by pine boughs, we came to masses of the white four-petalled bunchberry, or tall columbine and iris mixed with ferns of fresh spring green, just uncurling. Horizontal branches of ground hemlock and yew decorated the stony blocks. Gulls sailed above us in the blue air.

We were taking the path from the south to the north end of the island where the launch would meet us. The other guests soon vanished, and still my four were snapping pictures of large wood lilies and northern

anemones, saying, "Oh, we *must* go!" and then putting in another film.

Finally we realized we would be in disgrace if we did not pull ourselves along. But still Slim Esther would be frozen in her tracks as if by magic. When she found a strange flower, she simply *had* to identify it.

We solved our quandary by deciding we would come back again by ourselves and really take time to explore the island's wonders. The rest of the party were waiting for us at the north dock, but not too impatiently, on the whole.

That afternoon, the same launch load went down the waterway between Isle Royale and its barrier islands, and landed for a three-mile walk through the forest to Richie Lake. The moose often come to the inland lakes and we hoped to find one at Richie.

But our woods path led us through upland meadows where we found scarlet wild strawberries scattered everywhere. I had never had enough wild strawberries. I had found stray ones in the fields at home; and had eaten them, with whipped cream and cheese, in Paris outdoor cafés, but here were more than enough for everyone, and the sweetest and biggest I had ever seen.

Suddenly I realized with a start that I had forgotten all about the moose. How shocked Lee would be!

When I arrived, breathless, at the lake, pushing through thimbleberry bushes shoulder-high, Grace was taking a movie of a moose over on the east shore. She had been wise enough to be in the vanguard and had first caught sight of a big bull in the water, but he had plunged into the spruce thicket before most of us arrived. The one on the east bank was less suspicious, and the great, strange creature stood there until we all had had a good look at him. A moose always looks as if it had just come from some primeval world, and was going back.

By the launch, we found that our guide had made a campfire and that the coffee pot was already steaming. We had a delightful picnic supper and made our way home through sunset-colored water.

When we disembarked, a gold afterglow still lingered in the sky, and then to our amazement we saw, swimming along the gold-tinted water, a third moose! After we had walked six miles to see a moose, this one had to come past our inn! The impudent thing swam past the point, crossed our little bay, and then splashed up into twilight woods. That was a spectacular ending to our first Isle Royale day.

OUR other days on the island proved to be just as fascinating. We took walks along the stony shores, hunted for wild strawberries, or took sunbaths on the rocks jutting out above blue water. (This last occupation was sometimes successful, sometimes not, depending on the density of the mosquito population at the moment. There are even more mosquitoes than moose on Isle Royale.)

We often watched the fishermen, both those who fished for a livelihood and those who fished for sport. The latter amused us by complaining bitterly of the trouble it was to get to the island, not seeming to realize that it was its inaccessibility that made the fishing so good. We fished a little ourselves, but not very seriously.

Most of the time we went with a fisherman

in his small boat to various interesting spots along the irregular shores. One afternoon we went down to Motts Island. Here was the Forest Service station, built since the island was made a National Park in 1931.

We looked for greenstones on its outer beach, and then went down a tangled path to find a bog where Grace and Slim Esther were sure we would find pitcher plants. The mosquitoes were ferocious, and I found myself wishing that the Government had concentrated on killing them instead of the big lynxes that used to prowl here. They say the lynx does not attack humans, but I cannot say the same of mosquitoes. Whenever we stopped to admire a new plant, the midge airforce saw to it that we moved on again.

Grace had lent me some waterproof boots for this expedition, but they belied their name and I had to retire to prepared positions. The bogsters certainly found treasure in their wading. They saw literally hundreds of pitcher plants, and I was disappointed not to see those strange flowers of maroon and green and the curious insect-trapping leaves. Slim Esther was ecstatic over the sundew. This is a tiny plant so steeped in ruby color that its sap dyes the paper it is wrapped in. Both leaves and stems are covered with long, fine red hairs, and on the leaves stand drops of water that give the effect of dew-drops.

On another day we went in the morning to a secluded nook to see water lilies, and in the afternoon we went by boat to Chippewa Bay. This was a glorious trip, for there was a strong wind when we were outside the shelter of the islands, along the open coast. The waves were boisterous and our little fishing boat took us on a roller-coaster ride. It was exhilarating to stand up in the bow and feel the boat plunge like a wild horse beneath us. There was a slight element of danger; if the engine had stopped we would have crashed against the sharp rocks, for on the whole shore we only saw one inlet where it would have been at all possible to make a landing.

Chippewa Bay is a winding inlet where beaver used to work. We landed to find flowers which had escaped from early settlers' gardens—long-legged pansies and sweet William and forget-me-nots—and I hailed these truants joyfully. I was keeping a list of the wild flowers we saw, as Lee and I always keep a bird list on a trip, and I was eager to get well over a hundred names.

We returned from this windy trip as scarlet as lobsters, and Short Esther insisted that she had inhaled a mosquito. Betty and Slim Esther, who had worn sun glasses, had white circles around their eyes and looked a little like baby robins. Just the same we counted that ride as one of our high moments.

But perhaps the most fascinating hours we spent were when we returned to Passage Island. We simply couldn't help going back; we had all fallen in love with that island.

High on its tip, above the lighthouse where the ground yew made great mats on the rocks, we watched the blue water crinkle in a great circle around us, while in a turquoise sky the gulls were crying. Suddenly the blue day simply vanished—fog had blurred around us, and the foghorn began to moan from the lighthouse.

I suddenly remembered the story someone had told us of this island. In the early days

(Continued on page 35)

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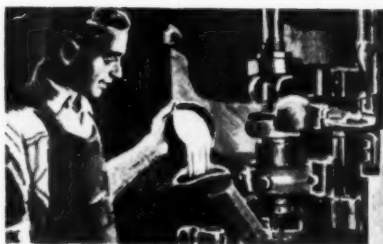
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Take two cups of ^{copper} flour

Don't look so startled, Sis. That's our recipe for whipping up many kinds of those vital little parts your big brothers use in the trucks they tear around in, and the planes they bounce against the sky. Hard on machinery, those kids. So we bake 'em plenty of the best.



Many years ago, a group of research men put on a little show for other General Motors engineers. "See those little odd-shaped parts? You've been forging them, or machining them out of solid metal, or casting them in various difficult ways. Now, after years of research, we've found a better, faster way to make 'em."



"We take powdered metal, fine as flour, like this. Then we mold it into any shape needed, and apply great pressure in special machines made for just this purpose. And then we bake these parts in electric ovens. The parts are better, and we can turn them out faster."



These little parts worked fine in your refrigerator, and in washers and ironers too. They were used in your car because they were sturdier and more dependable in the hard-to-get-at places. They were a big help to General Motors in making more and better things for more people.



Then the bugles blew for war. In the early days, training was carried on with make-believe equipment like this truck taking the part of a tank in maneuvers. You can see how badly needed were the tough gears, long-lasting bearings and other vital parts for war machines.



And right there, our powdered metallurgy showed what it could do. It shaved time and costs. Little, top-quality parts like these poured forth in floods. More than a thousand different parts were made in large quantities.



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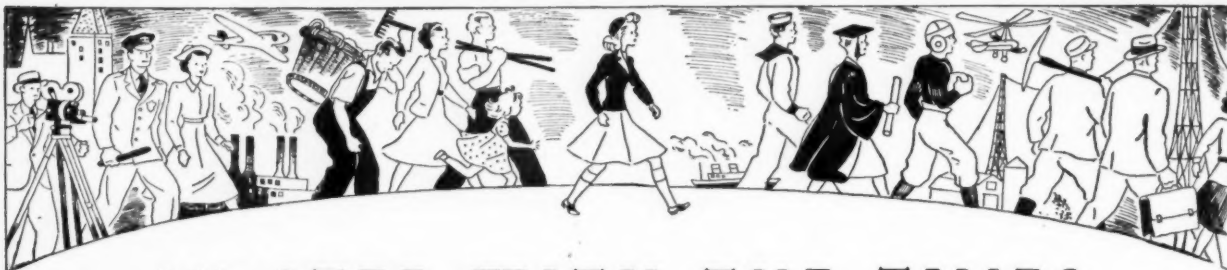
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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

NESTS FOR OUR WAR BIRDS

Every time a big Japanese city has been bombed, it has brought the end of the Jap war just that much nearer. But, of course, before any long-range-bombing could start, the B-29's that have been doing the job had to have airfields. The getting of these bases has been a long, dramatic struggle.

The first ones were built in China. Half a million Chinese men, women, and children worked on their construction. The laborers, drawn from China's peasantry, were paid from twenty-five to forty cents a day—more than the prevailing wage rates—by the U. S. Army.

First, the huge fields, some with runways almost two miles long, were planned by our



Army officers. Then Chinese supervisors told the peasants what was to be done. Coolies of the type shown in the accompanying sketch went to work with homemade picks. They dug big rocks out of hillsides. They carried them to the runway sites in ox carts, or, if the distances were short, on their own sturdy backs. Meanwhile, other coolies were leveling the countryside, to make fields: filling in gulches, slicing off hilltops.

When the rocks reached the future airports, women and older children, swinging crude sledge hammers, broke them up into smaller pieces. Millions of these fragments, spread over the runways to a depth of twelve inches, made a firm foundation. On top of this went a six-inch layer of mud. When the mud was partly dry, thousands of patient Chinese, pulling massive stone rollers, rolled it smooth. The sun obligingly baked it until it was like adobe—and the runways were ready.

That was the way our first B-29 bases were built, but the making of our more recent ones is a different story. These, leveled off on islands won by sacrificing precious lives, are not handmade but machine-made. No laboring coolies brought them to slow completion. Instead, Army Engineers and Seabees—the Navy's construction crews—built them in a mechanized rush.

On Guam, on Saipan, on Tinian, on Iwo Jima, and on many another hard-to-take isle, the builders of air strips were essential, as the fighting men were. Working from twelve

to sixteen hours a day, and sometimes for forty-eight hours at a stretch, they showed they could construct an airfield in two weeks or less.

Again and again there was the miracle of miles of tangled, sultry jungle turned into broad avenues of concrete ready for the wheels of tremendous planes. On certain islands, coral proved to be the best surfacing material. Dug out of hillsides by steam shovels, carried to the airport sites in trucks, pulverized in crushers, it was spread out in creamy layers on runways-to-be. It was moistened with salt water, then rolled. Treated in this way, it made a smooth, hard surface.

All in all, enough labor and supplies have gone into our Far-Eastern bomber bases to build several fair-sized American towns.

Just what sort of plane is the B-29, the war bird for which so many tremendous nests have been built? The answer is, it's a marvel. Just to plan and design it, seven hundred and fifty of America's best engineers worked for two whole years.

One of these Superfortresses costs Uncle Sam a cool million dollars. On a single "hop" it can fly three thousand miles at three hundred miles an hour. While doing so, it burns enough gasoline to last the average motorist ten normal years!

Each B-29, when loaded, weighs sixty-three thousand pounds. No wonder the vast runways, Chinese-built and American-built, must be firm and deeply bedded, to stand up under these battleships of the sky.

HOLLYWOOD HAS "HORSE SENSE"

There's something about the words, "wild horses," that warms the imagination. We think of herds thundering across open spaces. For centuries of American history, such horses did run free—starting with four Arabian steeds turned loose by Spanish explorers, west of the Mississippi.

The seventeenth century was the wild horse's heyday. Millions of them grazed on lands between the Mississippi and the Pacific. As settlers pushed westward, the wild mustangs gradually decreased. But as recently as twenty years ago there were about a million still at large.

Times turned hard, then, for wild horses. Ranch owners grew acutely conscious that mustangs ate up grass badly needed by cattle. They took action. Every month, thousands of wild horses were driven into camouflaged corals and captured. Large numbers of them, ownerless no longer, swelled the ranchers' stock.

Still, in lonesome reaches of the North-

west, wild horses are making a last stand.

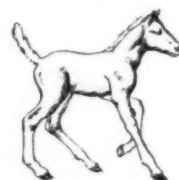
Hollywood, with its keen interest in horses as screen subjects, has more than once made films in which wild mustangs played rôles. The latest of these is *Thunderhead, Son of Flicka*. It's a screen version of *Thunderhead*, the novel by Mary O'Hara, and is a sequel to *My Friend Flicka*. A wild Albino stallion is its villain. Thunderhead, its hero, has the blood of wild horses in his veins. It gives wings to his hoofs, but makes him restless, proud. His young owner, Ken McLaughlin—played by Roddy McDowall—has a hard time breaking him to the saddle.

To show the relationship between the boy and the horse—a blending of affection and conflict—was no easy job for Louis King, who directed the movie, or for Jack Lindell, the animal trainer responsible for horse behavior. But that problem arose only after the right, creamy-white horse had been found for the rôle of Thunderhead. A tougher dilemma had come much earlier, before work on the film had begun.

The problem was to find a new-born colt that fitted the description in Mary O'Hara's book. Twentieth Century-Fox, which made the movie, sent its scouts to dozens of ranches in an eager hunt for mares that were expecting white foals at just the time called for by the production schedule.

Contracts were signed with eighteen horse owners. All agreed to telephone or wire Twentieth Century-Fox the instant a promising candidate for the part was born.

The shooting of the film started before the right foal made its appearance. During the first two weeks of production, 'phone call



after 'phone call, and telegram after telegram, arrived from horse owners under contract—for their mares had had foals. Each time, movie scouts hurried to investigate. But none of the new arrivals proved to be the right type, or the right color.

Two weeks after the filming began, the colt was foaled on a nearby ranch. An hour after his birth, he was in front of the cameras, wobbly but irresistible. He was the youngest actor in the world—a star literally born for the part!

ISLAND HOLIDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

the lighthouse keeper stayed all winter and, of course, there were no means of communication with the mainland. One man brought his wife and children, and before Christmas their provisions, by some accident, were destroyed. The man took his sailboat and started to Port Arthur for supplies, but a storm came up and he was never heard of again. The woman left on this island kept her children alive all through that long winter by snaring rabbits and catching fish, until the spring boat from Duluth came and they were rescued. It made me shiver, hearing the foghorn, as I thought of them.

We took the path from the hilltop into the pines. Here the carpet of bunchberries was snowier than ever, and beneath ancient wind-blown birches the pink twinflowers, in great wreaths and garlands, were a vivid contrast to the granite blocks they covered.

Then the path dipped. There were billows of green moss between squared ledges. Beyond the birches the fog hid the whole lake so that our island seemed to float in space.

I was glad I did not have to waste time focusing a camera and fussing with gadgets. Grassy hollows were full of tall ferns, and a gray dragonfly, to match the gray mist, lit on green starry moss. Tiny pines took in the silence, broken only by the faint sound of waves except when the foghorn shattered it.

There were answers to the foghorn somewhere in the mist. A large freighter loomed up near the shore and Grace set up her movie camera to take its picture, but by the time she had it ready the boat had vanished in the fog.

Betty had an artist's eye for effects, and she took some delightful shots of bunchberries standing so massed that they made an allover embroidery of white, or green orchids posed before a background of green ferns. She was a fit subject for an artist herself as she concentrated on her pictures. The more interested she grew, the prettier she became.

While the others dashed about with their cameras, I wandered around after my beloved one-flowered pyrolas. Their fragrance enchanted me; I was as bad as Esther with her sundew. And now I had a chance to really straighten out the various little members of the orchid family. There were so many here that I could practice recognizing them—the translucent cream-gold flowers of the ladies' tresses, the tiny greenish-white of the green wood orchis. And I must say that small flowers are much more satisfactory to identify than small birds—orchids don't hop behind leaves every second, the way warblers do.

"But the common yellow-green species doesn't have a common name!" I said, poring over Esther's botany. "It's *Habenaria flava*. And the *pyrola asarifolia*, too, with its stalk of pink flowers, ought to have a poetic name in English. Darling *pyrola asarifolia*!" I muttered, gazing fondly at it through the lens. Suddenly I laughed aloud.

I didn't tell the girls why I was laughing. What had I said to Lee about avoiding people who were scholars and used long Latin names? I was having the most rapturous time with four scholars, a magnifying glass, and a whole bookful of long Latin names!



Secret of Popularity!

"LET's invite Joe—he'll bring his camera!"

Have you ever heard some such statement as that?

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THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS YOU'RE HUMAN!

FOR THE LAND'S SAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

certainly didn't intend to mention the fact that the boys would be there for supper, although I was wondering frenziedly what I would feed them, because they had eaten everything on the place at noon.

"I'm gwine 'ter my sister's to spend tonight an' Sunday," Aunt Susan informed me. "I'll be back Monday mornin' ef I live an' nothin' happen. Dat is, ef'n I'm able. I done bruise myself scandalous."

"All right, Aunt Susan," I said jauntily, as if her movements were the least of my worries. With a sinking feeling I watched her board the two-thirty bus.

The boys had gone back to the field. They would be in again at six, hungry as wolves. Despairingly I looked around the kitchen. On the pantry shelf was one lone dumpling left from dinner, and in the cookie jar were five tired-looking molasses cookies.

I wondered what Mother would say if I cut a big ham and fried it all for the boys' supper. It would be horribly expensive, with ham selling at fifty cents a pound. Then an idea struck me. I went to the phone and called Pat. She was spending the weekend with Janie Evans.

"Listen, Pat," I said desperately, "would you and Janie consider coming out on the four-thirty bus, to help me fix supper for the Deadly Dozen? I am strictly in the lurch. Aunt Susan has gone and left me, and there isn't a crumb of food in the house."

Pat held a hurried consultation with Janie and Mrs. Evans, and then said they would.

"Go to Bradley's market,"—I said, "and get ten pounds of ground beef for hamburgers—you know the Ration Board has given us extra points for feeding farmhands. And get four dozen buns and a jar of mustard and a jar of pickles. Write that down. While you're at the bakery get four dozen doughnuts. And charge all of it. And be sure you catch the bus. I haven't enough gas to come for you, because I am going to take the boys to the seven o'clock show."

"Okay, okay," said Pat impatiently. "We'll get the stuff and we'll catch the bus. Don't worry!"

I heaved a sigh of relief because I knew she would do it. I decided to cook the hamburgers on our outdoor fireplace, and to use paper plates and cups—we keep a supply for picnics—so as not to invade Aunt Susan's sacred precincts.

The bus was late, but when it came I saw Pat and Janie get off, staggering under the load of groceries in brown paper bags. I went to help them and they were giggling with excitement. They said they would much rather help me than go to the piano recital with Mrs. Evans.

"Mother makes me go every year," Janie explained. "I get so tired of hearing 'The Flight of the Bumblebee' I could die."

"Janie is in love with Steve, besides," ex-

plained Pat, with her customary lack of tact. "That's the main reason she wanted to come."

We lost no time getting the fire started in the outdoor oven. Janie and Pat, both being Girl Scouts, can build a fire with one hand tied behind them. They helped me move the kitchen table outside, and on it we arranged stacks of paper plates and cups and napkins. I dumped the ground beef into the huge wooden salad bowl and mixed in the seasoning. Janie helped me mold it into good-sized patties. I started broiling the hamburgers while Janie and Pat split the buns and spread the mustard and sliced the onions and pickle.

It wasn't as easy as it sounds. Smoke blew in our eyes, and Pat cut her hand slicing the onions, and we scorched some of the buns while we were toasting them. But the boys didn't seem to notice any flaws. They came in from the field as hungry as hounds and ate three or four hamburgers each as fast as we could serve them. Then they cleaned up the doughnuts and drank three gallons of cold sweet milk.

"That was a swell supper," they told us, "simply swell."

It was nearly seven then, so I backed out the truck and they piled in to go to the picture show. Tommy was planning to spend the night with Steve, so I did not have to wait to take him home. Cousin Emmie had agreed to come back with me and spend the night, in Aunt Susan's absence, as her new

Time for a get-together...Have a Coke



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It's easy to plan a date at home when you have frosty bottles of Coca-Cola in the family refrigerator. *Have a Coke* says the hostess, and the affair is off to a flying start. To young or old, this friendly invitation opens the way to better acquaintance, adds zest and enjoyment to entertaining. From Alabama to Oregon, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—a pleasant way to make folks feel at home.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
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husband, Mr. Westover, had to be in Nashville for a church meeting.

As the boys got out of the truck at the door of the movie theater, I paid them their wages and gave them each the price of a ticket extra. "Are you coming back next Saturday?" I asked.

"Sure we are!" they said. "And if the cook doesn't want us in the house, you just make us some more hamburgers. We are going to get in ten loads next time, in place of eight."

"That's wonderful," I told them. "Be there at the same time."

"Same time, same station," called Ted, and the others laughed uproariously. I mean their sense of humor is more elemental than mental. I was thankful to hand them over to the Crescent Amusement Company.

Gladly I turned around and headed for home. I planned to take a hot bath and go to bed with a detective story to get my mind off all my troubles. But I could not pass the postoffice. It was so long until Monday. If I went in and asked, I might get some mail. I might get some sort of word from Harry. I went to the window.

The clerk unwillingly, but with forced politeness, went to look through the mail that had been sorted for our route. He ran through the stack of letters so fast I thought he couldn't be really reading the addresses, but finally he hesitated and then laid aside one. He put back the stack when he finished and brought me the letter.

It was addressed to me in an unfamiliar handwriting. But when I read the return address, my heart gave a painful thud. It said, "Lieut. Harry F. Lee," and under it were some letters and numbers and an A.P.O. that was entirely new to me.

(To be continued)

HOME is the HERO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

of Kip's old domain. Her enthusiastic eyes took in the array of silver trophies—that one for "Best-All-Around Cowboy" that Em had kept shined up for Kip's homecoming—and the head of the deer Kip had bagged when he was fourteen. Kip's ten-gallon hat still hung on one of its antlers.

"Oh, how colorful!" she exclaimed. "So picturesque and Western. Irma, we simply must stay in this cabin!"

"Bunkhouse," Em corrected unhappily. Her hurt pride stiffened her. Why should they keep Kip's bunkhouse sacred when he didn't even care to come back to it? Why shouldn't Mrs. Wattles hang her bird's-nest hat on one of the deer horns?

"I'll put your vitamin pills, Irma, right here in this buffalo skull," Mrs. Wattles said.

THE next morning the covered wagon and a gay cavalcade of riders left the Flying Crow for the Brakes. This trek—with the delighted dudes gay in riding boots and breeches—would kill not only the proverbial two birds with one stone, but three.

The dudes would be "roughing it"; Em and Pinto Jones could care for the cows at the Brakes; they could get the Carnation calf off the premises. With a rope knotted about her soft neck, the calf trotted behind the wagon. For how could they keep up an illusion of the



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wild and woolly West with a devoted calf under foot? Carnation had already poked into Kip's bunkhouse and devoured the vitamin pills, box and all.

It was a gala take-off. Pinto, the showman, wore his green rodeo shirt and best boots with the shamrock design in white stitching. With the jolting and rattle of the wagon, Em's spirits rose. The dudes were folks and she liked them all—even the impressive Mr. Wattles, and the voluble Mrs. Wattles with her notebook and pencil in quest of color. Irma, the gentle-spoken, was sweet. Em was glad when Irma grew tired in the saddle and joined her on the wagon seat.

This would be fun, if only Kip were here! But this stray thought Em yanked back, just as she yanked her eyes back from the heavy weight of Mrs. Wattles on her own special and much loved Pal o' Mine, and Mrs. Wattles' yanking at his bit.

It was twenty-two miles from the Flying Crow ranch, up through the steep, rocky cañon called John's Pocket, across Rattlesnake River, and on to the grazing land, the Brakes. Em had allowed two days to get there, two days to return. "Down pillows," Pinto had grumbled, for he and Em could have driven it in one day, scattered the oil cake, rested themselves and the horses, and returned the same night.

They wended their way through John's Pocket, crossed Rattlesnake River and pitched camp in the natural camping grounds beside it. "How naive," Mrs. Wattles laughed, "to call a dry sand-bed a river!"

"It ain't always so naive," Pinto Jones answered. "Once, when it was roarin' along after a cloudburst, a Mexican and his wagon went down in it—and they ain't never found him nor his wagon."

Arrived at the Line camp on the Brakes, Em and Pinto scattered the oil cake. It satisfied Em's soul to watch the hungry cows champing the sticky chunks of it. The dudes were relaxed and happy around the campfire, after a supper of Em's Dutch-oven biscuits and barbecued cottonfais which Pinto had shot. Only one irritating thing had happened. The Carnation calf hung about camp and had eaten all the supply of dried fruit Em had brought. She had scattered the sack of rice, too, and had made inroads in the potatoes.

The morning they left the Brakes, Pinto Jones cut out the yearling steers which they would drive along ahead of the wagon, to be branded later at the ranch. "If old Kip was here," Pinto said wistfully, "we'd put on a brandin' bee that would keep Mrs. Wattles' pencil workin' overtime."

"We might as well forget Kip," Em said tightly.

They broke the homeward trip by camping in the cottonwoods beside the Rattlesnake. The city folks alighted painfully from their horses. "Shoulda brought along the oil can," Pinto Jones said softly, "to oil up their creakin' joints."

After supper Pinto told them goodbye. He would ride back to the Brakes, stay there a few days to eke out the feed to the cows.

"Just one good sockdolager of a rain," Pinto murmured to Em, looking up at the starry sky, "and that grass in the Brakes would be as green as Ireland. You sure, Em, you can herd your millstones home alone?"

"I'll have them tucked safely in their bunkhouses at the Flying Crow by noon tomorrow," Em scoffed.

But her rations would barely stretch until then. While the folks sat around the fire, comparing aches and bruised knees, Em gathered together the last of the bacon, beans, and potatoes. She lined the Dutch oven with bacon, then put in the soaked beans, then the pared potatoes, and, over all, a blanket of bacon. She dug a hole and set the Dutch oven in it over live embers. With more burning embers covering the lid of the oven and the heat held in by prairie sod, this would simmer all night and be a mealy, savory breakfast dish—the round-up favorite, as she explained to the dudes.

The next morning Mrs. Wattles had to be helped out of the wagon where she and Irma slept. None of the dudes were able to squat on the ground, cowboy fashion, to eat breakfast. None of them wanted to move on.

"Just the thought of sitting in a saddle—or even in the jolty wagon—is torture," moaned Mrs. Wattles. "It's so beautiful here. Let's lay over a day." Each dude echoed it.

Em had no choice but to accede. Maybe she could take Pinto's shotgun and scare up a rabbit or two, to eke out the uncomfortably short rations.

The dudes loafed about, while Em, on Pal o' Mine, rode for miles without even a glimpse of a rabbit or a prairie hen. They had a scanty supper of coffee and biscuits. Thank goodness, Carnation's prying nose couldn't get into the tin of flour, for they had left her to face life on her own at the Brakes.

That night Em was wakened from a sound sleep by a loving, but rough tongue on her face. She sat up in bed, quoted Pinto Jones. "Well, I'm a daffodil!" Carnation, after their laboriously leading her to the Brakes, had found her way back to the one she loved most.

Well, there was nothing to do about it. Em settled back into her bed roll with the calf by her side—but not to sleep. Lightning splashed across the sky, thunder rumbled ominously, and down came the "sockdolager." Flying Crow folks had been aching for all spring. It was a cloudburst.

Em's first exultancy was followed by a sharp worry. This would set the old Rattlesnake River on a tree-high rampage. She daren't wait till morning to cross it, or they'd be marooned on this side of it for days, with no food but a tin of flour and a handful of coffee.

She waited only for the first fury to slacken when she jerked up in her bedroll, reached into its depths for her boots and hat. She must hitch the horses to the covered wagon in which Mrs. Wattles and Irma were sleeping, rouse the men in their pup tents, and make all haste to cross the river.

She splashed about in the beating rain, bumping against trees, hunting for the hobbled driving horses. They couldn't go far—but they had gone too far for her to find them in the dark. At dawn she found them, huddled under a sheltering ledge of cliff. She knew, by the sound and fury of the river, that it was too late.

IT amazed Em that, with the morning sun dazzling bright, the dudes should be in such high spirits, even though the old Rattlesnake roared out its menace. To them, this was just an exciting adventure to recount when they got back to town.

While Em built the breakfast fire, Mrs.

Wattles told what a delicious thrill it had been to lie snug in the covered wagon and listen to the roar of the cloudburst. When Em apologized for the short-rationed breakfast, one of the men said, "We're not worried. You Westerners are so resourceful."

Mrs. Wattles added, "In stories, when folks are marooned they always kill a beef and have a feast."

Mr. Wattles said proudly, "Em could manage a barbecue—like nothing at all, couldn't you, Em?"

"I could," Em said. "But these steers we brought back for branding are as wild as antelopes. And I haven't my lariat. I took it off my saddle at the ranch because Mrs. Wattles said it rubbed her knee."

Someone said, "You wouldn't need a lariat for Carnation."

The half-cup of coffee, which had been Em's breakfast, turned in her stomach. You couldn't help loving a calf that you'd raised from a shivering rack of bones—a calf that looked at you with loving, trusting eyes.

She said nothing. At noon, again she served biscuits and thin coffee. The fury of the Rattlesnake was unabated. An old-timer on a good horse could swim it, but she wouldn't dare let the dudes try it, even if they were willing.

If only she had a lariat! She could race down one of those long-legged steers on her own Pal o' Mine, and reappear with a leg of beef to hang over a fire. If only she had a gun besides that rabbit-killing little shot gun!

And always her mind, her eyes, returned to the nearby plumpness of Carnation, who poked happily about, hoping another pancake or biscuit would come her way.

Em almost wished the dudes would say something more—but they didn't. They only dawdled about with waiting expectancy. She almost wished she could feel anger at them for wanting meat barbecued over a blazing fire. But she couldn't. Yesterday, they'd had only the Dutch-oven-cooked bacon, beans, and potatoes for breakfast. And today, nothing but biscuits and thin coffee. Hunger was real. And they were her responsibility.

Dusk came and Em knew she couldn't hold off any longer. She forced a smile and said to Mr. Wattles, "I guess it's time you had some barbecued meat."

He said, "Miss Em—well, you know how city girls are—they're not like you ranch girls. Irma doesn't realize—I mean maybe you'd better take the calf down there in the grove of trees, out of sight."

Em wanted to laugh, or cry. *Take Carnation to the grove of trees!* All she had to do was to go herself and the calf would be right at her heels. She picked up the axe; one blow of its blunt end would fell a much bigger calf than Carnation.

Suddenly Irma was beside her. "Don't do it, Em, if you don't want to. It won't hurt us to go hungry. I'll bet our soldiers have gone without food longer than this."

Em looked at Irma's pale face. Mr. Wattles had said, "Irma needs building up." She said, "Thanks, Irma—thanks!" She thought, "I'll always love her for understanding." She added slowly, "When you're brought up on a ranch, you're brought up with the idea that critters are raised for food. It's all right, Irma."

But it wasn't all right. The axe was heavy

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in her limp hand as she walked toward the clump of cottonwoods and the calf clumped along beside her.

It would all be over soon. Carnation was such a small, unsuspecting calf—she, Em, was silly to go maudlin over a job that had to be done.

She reached the sheltered spot in the cotton woods. Carnation nudged at her knees. She tightened her grip on the axe. But she couldn't lift it, not with the calf's trusting eyes upon her.

All her held-back grief over Uncle Haze's looking so bleak and wan and clutching her hand and saying, "Hold the old Crow together till the boy gets back," all her hurt over Kip's writing that he wasn't coming home, all the weight of the dudes around her neck! She dropped down on her knees and sobbed brokenly, her head buried in the calf's neck.

She didn't hear a footstep. She only heard a voice, "Em, what are you crying for?"

Through a blur of tears, she looked up to see a tall cowboy wearing a ten-gallon Stetson and chaps that were dark and dripping wet. Behind him, a bay horse shook himself vigorously and a spray of wetness touched her.

She could only choke out, "Kip—Kip O'Malley!"

Again, he demanded, "What are you crying for, Em?"

She said simply, "Because I have to kill Carnation for the dudes. I haven't a rope to get one of the yearling steers—and we're stranded here. I have to take care of them—and they're hungry."

He said, "I stopped at Buffalo Forks. I ran into the banker, and he let it out that you've been selling Flying Crow land. Why?"

"Just a tail feather or two," Em confessed. "We had to buy feed for the cows. Kip, why did you come back?"

"I came back," he answered honestly, "to get my trophies and my prize saddle, and to tell you folks goodbye. Oku Hung told me you had gone to the Brakes and so I came on to meet you."

"To say goodbye," Em repeated, and she felt herself stiffening with pride. If Kip preferred California, she didn't want him to stay out of charity, out of sympathy for them. Oh, anything but that!

She started to say, "Everything's hunky-dory now—" but Kip turned on her angrily. "Why did you write me all those Pollyanna letters? Why didn't you tell me the old Crow was limping along?"

"They told us always to write with a smile. I didn't want to add our troubles to yours. And when you were hurt—then I didn't want you feeling we were a burden."

He asked gravely, "Didn't you want me to feel needed, Em? You made me think the old Crow was flying high. A smile, my eye! Your letters sounded to me like 'Ha-ha, we don't need you any more!' I wanted to feel you were waiting for me, counting the days till I got here."

Em backed against a cottonwood tree. The lump was in her throat again. "I didn't want you to feel sorry for us and come back—not if you liked California better."

"Better! You little nut," he said vehemently, "this is my country. It's in my veins. What are these bowlegs of mine good for except to straddle a horse? I've been hungry to feel a rope in my hand." His eye fell on

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Betty's recipe? A model life, such as models have to live. Meaning? Eight hours' sleep every night. An active interest in sports—Betty swims, plays golf, tennis.

Diet? Says Betty, "I get three square meals a day. That means breakfast, too. Seven mornings a week I sit down to a nourishing breakfast, usually including a big bowl of Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit. I never tire of these whole wheat flakes, Wheaties. They're light, crisp, tasty. Yet nourishing."

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Carnation. "Oh, that's right, you've got some dudes that are hankering for a barbecue! Build up a fire, Em, and bake some big flat biscuits you can put a slab of beef in. I'll get that steer on my first throw."

Em's laugh bubbled over. The world was right again. Kip O'Malley was back! She'd have someone to share the responsibility of the dudes with, someone to laugh with, to scrap with.

"My, my," she said, "he'll get a wild steer in the dark on the first toss of his rope! What a modest little violet came back from the Navy!"

CAN'T POSE a TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

as leaping moats, and then, perhaps twenty minutes later, sedately delivering a scheduled radio talk or an illustrated lecture on natural history. She also conducts tours through the zoo.

Before coming to Philadelphia, Mrs. Kauffeld was publicity director of the Staten Island zoo. It was there she met her husband, the zoo's curator of reptiles, who now is on leave with the Army. And it was there that she taught herself photography.

"One of us had to learn to take pictures since we wanted to make our own illustrations for articles and lectures on natural history," she said. "I was elected—and I've never regretted it. Animals always have something new to show you. They're people. For example, have you ever seen an elephant ask for a cigarette?"

I hadn't, so she took me out to meet Burma.

Burma's great head turned and, as she saw the familiar human figure approach, her trunk moved out expectantly through the bars. Mrs. Kauffeld petted her and talked to her, but offered no cigarette. Burma looked a little puzzled, then, slowly and methodically, her trunk went exploring—up and down and around the pockets of her friend's jacket until Mrs. Kauffeld finally produced the desired cigarette, which Burma disposed of with one bite.

Many animals like tobacco—to eat, not to smoke, of course, Juanita, the Central American deer, is also on the "cigarette list." Juanita was born in the Philadelphia zoo five years ago, and was raised on a bottle. One of the attractions in the Baby Pet Zoo, she is very friendly and will come to you if you call her by name.

To those animals that like it, tobacco is an acceptable bribe for "looking pretty" for the camera. But sometimes it is hard to find a delicacy that will keep an animal still long enough to be photographed. Gordo, the kinkajou, will do almost anything for a handful of raisins. Strategically-placed peanuts finally got Sindbadia, the Weeper Capuchin monkey, to pose on a cross-bar with her recently born baby.

But it was honey-covered popcorn that finally induced Susie, the kangaroo mother of the famous twins, Nonesuch and Sitting Pretty, to pose for newscast men. They wanted a picture that would show both Susie and the baby, Sitting Pretty. But when Susie crouched down, there was too much shadow on Sitting Pretty. And when she stood up straight, the baby

disappeared into the depths of her pouch. The trick was to catch her half-way between the two positions.

Animals tire very quickly, especially of such unnatural activities as posing for a camera. And Susie got tired long before all the lights were in place and the cameras properly focused. Carrots no longer tempted her. She had plainly lost interest in the proceedings until Mrs. Kauffeld, as a last resort, tried the popcorn. It worked like magic, and Susie posed beautifully.

Susie's twins caused quite a furor in the zoo world. It was in March of last year that her keeper discovered what he thought was a dead kangaroo baby on the floor of the cage one morning. Picking it up, he found that it was still alive and tried to put it back in the mother's pouch. Only then was it discovered that Susie had had twins, for the other baby was "sitting pretty" in Susie's pouch. Susie would have nothing to do with the ejected twin and kept pushing it away with her short forefoot.

So the baby was taken to the laboratory, wrapped in an old sweater, and bottle-fed on a mixture of milk, water, and vitamins. This was Nonesuch, and during the course of his raising Mrs. Kauffeld knitted him two sweaters to keep his little body warm—a job she had no idea would be hers when she became zoo photographer.

Sometimes the friendly animals are harder to photograph than the dangerous ones. Mrs. Kauffeld still chuckles as she recalls the hours she spent on top of a stepladder one day, trying to get a picture of Jim, the giraffe—"all of him," as she puts it.

The giraffe thought the camera most fascinating. Was it something to eat? He stretched his long neck over the fence and stared right into the lens.

"For hours," said Mrs. Kauffeld, "I kept trying to get that shot. I moved the stepladder back. But Jim had fallen in love with the camera and kept putting his face almost up against it. I tried to shoo him away, but it was no use. It was fun for both of us—but it wasn't photography!"

Barneget Pete, the famous tame deer who was found as a fawn in Barneget, New Jersey, and who was accustomed to strolling about the town on a leash and sleeping in a bed, is another of the friendly, curious creatures who won't stay far enough away from the camera to be photographed. Pete is about eight years old and he came to the zoo when his "family" enlisted in the armed forces.

Tough as it is to try for a good portrait of a too friendly giraffe, its even tougher when you come to the cats, says Mrs. Kauffeld. Lens-shooting the tiger is one of her most challenging assignments.

When you take a picture of Cousin Jane, you can tell her to move this way or that, or sit up straighter, or smile. And Cousin Jane will co-operate, because she wants her picture to be a good one. But you can't pose a tiger. He doesn't care whether he has his picture taken or not. In addition—upon Mrs. Kauffeld's word—that great carnivore is afraid of you. He's mistrustful. He keeps up his restless pacing behind the bars. Although those bars keep you safe, you're not interested in a close-up of a lot of bars. Finally, just to make your job a little harder, his cage

(Continued on page 45)



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THE MARCH COVER

TROY, NEW YORK: I recently received my March issue and immediately fell in love with the Girl Scout on the cover. I thought the story *Bit Part* was super. I am so glad *For The Land's Sake* is a continued story because I would be lost without it.

I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL just for three months and already love it. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I love to read, ice skate, and swim.

Betty A. Millhouse

"FOR THE LAND'S SAKE"

UNIVERSITY CITY, MISSOURI: I received my March issue a few days ago. I am simply crazy over the new serial. It is positively swell.

I just started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL in January. I am ten years old and I am a Second Class Scout in Troop 358.

I especially liked *Treasure of the Incas* in the February issue. I hope our future issues have things just as swell.

Charlotte Green

"WE FOUND TREASURE"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I have just finished my March issue of AMERICAN GIRL. It was one of the best I've read since my first issue in August, 1944, although I've liked them all. I am twelve years old and in 8B and belong to Troop No. 202 of Chicago. I like Girl Scouting very much.

The poem *March Day* by Frances Frost was very nice. I liked the article *We Found Treasure* because it was adventurous—and I do feel sorry for Lucy Ellen because it rained! But all stories have a happy ending.

My hobbies are collecting perfume bottles and vases. I also save all kinds of cards and paste them in my Girl Scout scrapbook.

Patricia Bertoni

HARVESTING THE FRUIT

SILVER CREEK, NEW YORK: I've taken our wonderful magazine for over a year, but this is the first time I've written in. I live in the village of Silver Creek, in western New York, on the south shore of Lake Erie. Living near the lake we go in swimming and get a wonderful sun tan during the summer, but teen-age children around here work in the summer, too, on the near-by farms. In late June and early July we pick strawberries, then come the cherry and raspberry seasons.

Next and last come the grapes and tomatoes.

Last summer every Saturday night we had a teen-age dance, and now we are discussing a Junior Canteen. My hobbies are collecting teacups and baby pictures. I like children and take care of children often.

I enjoyed reading *Dark Hollow* very much. Maybe we could have some more stories like it. Pat Downing, Butch and Elly are my favorite characters. Articles about personality and grooming are very helpful and interesting.

Famous people, I have discovered, also find their way to our magazine, so making it a good place to find information.

Barbara Warner

GIRL SCOUT BADGES

NEWARK, OHIO: Although I have been a Girl Scout for four years, I have only taken THE AMERICAN GIRL a short time. I used to read the magazine in the public library.

In the March issue I enjoyed the story *Bit Part*. My favorite characters are Bobo Witherspoon and Pat and Lucy Ellen Downing. Since I want to be a nurse I specially liked the story *Teamwork* in the February issue, by Martha Lee Poston, and *Navy Nurse* in the March issue. I have several books about nurses.

Also I like to swim, play tennis and basketball, and to dance and skate. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at Woodrow Wilson Jr. High School.

I have nine Girl Scout badges. Our patrol, of which I am the leader, has started to work on the Games badge. When I get it, I will be a First Class Scout.

Ruth Griffith

"OUR MYSTERY TUNE"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I have just received the March issue, and I must congratulate you on the article called *Our Mystery Tune*. I was told to write a composition on America. I didn't know anything to write about—and then my AMERICAN GIRL came! It saved my neck. The magazine is super in more ways than one. I take dancing, voice, and music.

Marjorie Toole

MYSTERY TALES

HAYMARKET, VIRGINIA: I would like to tell you how much I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL, but I can't express my joy in a letter so I will just say I love it!

I am thirteen years old and live on a big farm six miles from Haymarket. This house was built in 1812. I am not a Girl Scout, but

I am a member of the 4-H Club; in fact, I am the president.

I like the letters from the girls of different States and also different countries! I would love to travel around the world.

Again I want to say how much I love THE AMERICAN GIRL, and especially *For The Land's Sake* and *Dark Hollow*. I like mysteries and I enjoyed *Treasure of the Incas*.

Priscilla Tyler

"TEAMWORK"

MAY DAY, KANSAS: I've only been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a few months, but I like it very much. I like the stories best, and when I get my copy I turn right away to the serial, *For The Land's Sake*. I surely do like Lucy Ellen! Another story I liked was *Teamwork*.

I am ten years old and I go to a rural school.

Joye Larson

STORIES OF THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: I have taken our magazine for two years now, and I find it very enjoyable. *Dark Hollow* I specially liked.

I live in a suburb of St. Louis and I simply adore this old French-German city. We have so many advantages—our glorious Forest Park, the outdoor Municipal Opera, Art Museum, the wonderful zoo, Shaw's Gardens, and many other wonderful things.

I think the magazine should have more stories about children in occupied countries outwitting the Gestapo and the Nazis. These are so exciting!

Patricia J. Kleik

HORSES

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY: This magazine is really swell! I especially enjoyed the article on how horses serve in wartime.

I am a great horse fancier, and I'm sure there are many like me throughout the country. I belong to a Girl Scout riding troop here in the spring, summer, and fall, and I love it. One day I was galloping along, nice and easy, on a big white horse. A car came speeding around the curve and the horse shied. He went right and I flew left. I landed okay, but I was scared. They say you are not a good rider until you've fallen off three times, so I have made a start.

I have just finished my Horsemanship badge and it was really fun doing it.

Betty Jean Smith

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

CAN'T POSE a TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

usually is in a dark, poorly-lighted building. What to do?

"Animals all have a certain pattern which they invariably follow," Mrs. Kauffeld says. "Your tiger, for instance, may take ten paces forward into his cage, stop, look over his shoulder, then turn and go back to his starting point. If you'll exercise enough patience to study his actions, you'll be able to focus your camera on the spot where he pauses. And the next time he arrives there, you get your picture."

Pharaoh, the timid lion, who is six years old, recognizes the camera and crouches in the farthest corner of his cage when he sees it. Mrs. Kauffeld had a theory that it was the bright metal reflector that scared him, so one day she kept it behind her back while she set up her camera. Then, at the last minute, she whipped the reflector into place and got an excellent picture before Pharaoh had time to flee.

Just about as timid as Pharaoh is a pair of creatures that he could eat at one gulp if he could catch them. They are the Patagonian caviars, brown, rabbit-like and utterly harmless—except that they once almost literally got in Mrs. Kauffeld's hair. It happened when the caviars had just arrived at the zoo and, as usual in such cases, she was helping press cameramen get some news shots.

The caviars were so frightened that they crouched in a corner of their cage, little brown bundles of fur. Hoping to make one of them sit up, Mrs. Kauffeld spoke gently and touched it.

Then the rockets went off. Very quickly the newcomers demonstrated that they're marvelous jumpers. The air seemed to be full of caviars. One leaped over Mrs. Kauffeld's head. The photographers shielded their valuable cameras, and the entire group departed, leaving the caviars to the safety provided by bars that shut out a dangerous world.

It was an upset of another kind—and a rollickingly funny one—that forced Mrs. Kauffeld to take part in an impromptu performance by the trained chimpanzees, and to be hugged by one of them.

Percy and Kippy are the chimps who perform in the Baby Pet Zoo. They're lovable scoundrels, intelligent, friendly, and mischievous. One day Mrs. Kauffeld planned to take some pictures of them on the wire-enclosed stage where they customarily appear. The lead keeper brought them from their regular quarters in a cage on wheels. When he arrived at the stage door he reached into the cage and, with each hand, grabbed a hairy arm. But alas, when he got his catch outside he found that he had one chimpanzee by both arms!

Like a mischievous boy, the other chimp, Kippy, dashed out of the cage at a small group of visitors and started to pummel them—in sheer good spirits, though the terrified visitors didn't realize that! The keeper, seeing the scramble and hearing the screams, dropped Percy and went after Kippy. Off went Percy.

Mrs. Kauffeld, waiting nearby with her camera, ran after Percy. But he thought this

(Continued on page 47)



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GOOD TIMES

By MARJORIE CINTA



with BOOKS



A BOOK to make American hearts swell with pride is *Born to Command*, Helen Nicolay's inspiring story of General Eisenhower (Appleton, \$2.50.) Miss Nicolay sticks to facts with great fidelity, but the sensitive perception and keen appreciation with which she writes of them makes heart-warming reading. Dwight Eisenhower was reared in a simple Mennonite home in Kansas where, with his six brothers, he learned the value of co-operation and hard work. Although the Mennonites feel as the Quakers do about war, Dwight went to West Point. After graduation he served under General MacArthur in the Philippines; was General Krueger's chief-of-staff during the Louisiana maneuvers in 1941; and played an important part in the gigantic task of organizing a great peace-loving nation for war. At fifty-two, when his permanent rank in the U. S. Army was only that of Lt. Colonel—never having commanded in an active engagement in his life—he became allied Commander-in-Chief for the European area. His first task was to weld into a harmonious unit officers—many of whom were older, held higher rank, and had had more battle experience than he—and men of different nations. The thrilling story of Allied successes in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France bears witness to his ability. The book is not only a fine story of a great American, but it is also a moving history of the war up to the liberation of Paris.

Constance Savery, author of *Enemy Brothers*, has written a new book, *Emeralds for the King* (Longmans, \$2.00)—this time about brothers who were on opposing sides in the struggle between the Roundheads and the Loyalists in seventeenth century England. To young Tosty Farrington, Loyalist, is entrusted the dangerous task of rescuing for the King—from under the noses of his Roundhead half-brothers—the precious emeralds buried in the miles of underground caverns known as the Great Gallery. By a mischance Tosty's plans are discovered and he is kept virtually a prisoner at Farrington Manor, where everyone seems to be against him except his eldest brother, Sir Miles. For although Miles means to secure the treasure for the Roundheads, he leans over backward to be fair and is kindness itself to his youngest brother, protecting him at all costs—while Giles, the other brother, stops at nothing to gain his ends. But "Master Thirteen," as Giles calls the young Loyalist contemptuously, is ingenious and courageous, risking his life more than once in daring attempts to obtain the treasure. This is a book you will read in a fever of suspense and with keen enjoyment of the clever ways in which Tosty outwits his older brothers.

Girl Scout troops and high school dramatic clubs will be glad to know about *The World's a Stage*—Plays for

Juniors (French, \$2), edited by Margaret Mayorga. When a Girl Scout troop or other group decides to put on a play there need no longer be hair-tearing about the question, "What shall it be and where can we find it?" For here are twelve one-act plays, ranging through the history of the drama from "A Greek Loses His Dog" to a radio skit, "Sounds Effects Man." Girl Scouts working for the Dramatic Appreciation badge, who are not so much interested in the actual production of a play as they are in learning something about the stage and its history, will find the volume helpful, too, for it shows what the drama was like in early Greece and in China, then in England—and what it is like in modern times in the United States.

Fashion is a fascinating subject for feminine readers so you will all enjoy *Fashion Is Our Business* (Lippincott, \$2) by Beryl Williams. But to those who are leaning toward this field in some form as a vocation, the book will be especially welcome for it tells exactly the things you want to know about the men and women who have become tops in the field of fashion designing—what they are like, how they secured their first jobs, and how they achieved success. The ten women and two men in the book differ widely in background. Some had formal instruction in designing, some learned by a sort of apprentice method; some were supported by their families while they studied, some began to earn their own living while still in their teens; some were interested in designing from the start, some had planned quite different careers; some had a good deal of luck and some very little—but all of them were willing to work hard to win success in their chosen field. The book is a find for Girl Scouts working on the Needlecraft, Clothing, and Design badges for which a major requirement is to learn about American designers and their work.

Not only Girl Scouts working on the Health and Safety badges, but everyone should be interested in the attractive handbook, *To Keep Them Safe* (Women's Division, National Safety Council, 50c) recently published. The startling figures of the accident toll in this country—265 deaths, 27,700 injuries daily; 8,100 deaths, 840,000 injuries monthly—are a challenge to all of us to help save lives and eliminate hazards in homes, schools, offices, factories, farms, and streets. The section of the book "Designs for Club Meetings" offers excellent material for use in planning troop or high school club meetings devoted to the vital subject of safety. The suggestions under the headings, "Streamlining the Safety Message" and "Tips on Publicity" would enable a troop or club to carry out an effective home town or high school safety campaign—and considering the above-mentioned appalling figures, what could be more in the public interest?

CAN'T POSE a TIGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

was too good a game to be given up quickly, so under the stage he went and round about and under and over the bleachers, Mrs. Kauffeld in hot pursuit. When she reached one end of the stage, the chimpanzee would quickly run underneath and pop up at the other end.

Finally, realizing that she'd never catch him with such tactics, Mrs. Kauffeld simply held her arms wide and called, "Here, Percy!" With a glad cry, Percy jumped into her arms and hugged her. Meanwhile the keeper had rounded up Kippy, and the picture taking went on as scheduled.

The chimps are both excellent subjects, particularly Percy, who will hold a pose obligingly until the flash bulb has gone off. A good trouser, he knows this means the picture-taking is over. Then he runs and hugs Mrs. Kauffeld.

USUALLY the groups who tour the zoo under Mrs. Kauffeld's guidance are interested mostly in photography. But one exception in particular she always will remember, because it provided an unusually enlightening experience.

She had been asked to give a talk on the zoo at the Lighthouse of the Blind, in north Philadelphia, so that her audience might gain some idea how tall a giraffe is, and how a kangaroo is built.

As a result of this lecture, the same group came to the zoo on a Sunday. That visit was a remarkable event, Mrs. Kauffeld says. The guests showed absolutely no fear about touching any animal she described as harmless. Their sensitive ears enabled them to detect sounds she herself never had noticed; for instance, the snort Jimmy, the hippo, makes as he blows water through his nostrils on emerging from the pool.

The approachable animals, reassured by the calm, unhurried movements of the blind, seemed to co-operate. Burma, the elephant, was unusually willing to submit her sensitive trunk to the friendly touch of a blind man's hand.

"Our visitors that day," Mrs. Kauffeld told me, "saw things about animals that I had never noticed. It made me realize once more that no matter how long you live with animals, you never can know all there is to know about them—their individual peculiarities, their whims and their friendliness—any more than you can know all about people."

GOOD MORNING, ANGELA!

The village must have heard the news already, for from the market came the syncopated beat of drums that meant a great man, a chief approached; and as she drew nearer she could hear the rattle of gourd instruments skillfully shaken. Clearly three white men, all in one bunch, were to be given a reception suitable to their importance.

It would have been more dignified, Angela told herself, to have remained back at the resthouse, to greet these guests as a hostess should. But far more fun, if she could man-

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

age it, to wedge herself somewhere into the hot excited crowd and form part of the reception committee.

As she reached it, the market was already emptying, for the roadway ran a little to one side. People were rolling up their wares in mats, balancing them on their heads in big yellow calabash bowls; hitching on their quivers of poisoned arrows; grabbing up their spears, their drums, their anything and everything, and streaming out towards the road. And even the open plain, which had been empty a few minutes ago in the heat

of the afternoon sun, seemed to be filling, as men dropped farming implements, as people hurried from small settlements. And somewhere to one side a slight cloud of dust showed that a party of native horsemen were galloping in from the east to join the welcoming committee.

The crowd courteously made way, so that Angela found herself in the front ranks. She could see the small dots growing larger as the men approached along the plain.

As the three drew nearer and Angela could identify them, she saw her uncle rein



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aside so that the Lieutenant Governor would be the first to meet and greet the village chiefs. She had just time to note the beautiful white Arab, and the tired, lined face beneath the white sun helmet.

The shouting and drumming grew to a frenzy, then suddenly stilled. The three horsemen had drawn up and the chiefs of the four tribes were being presented.

"I will make no announcement now of the new plan," Angela heard the L.G. say to Uncle Alfred. "But—"

Then from the crowd a voice struck in, the high piping voice of a small boy, too eager to display his new accomplishment to wait for his elders. And what that small boy's voice said was, "Good morning, Angela!"

The L.G.'s head turned sharply. Had his ears heard aright? Had someone in the crowd spoken in English?

Clearly the white man was pleased, since he had taken notice! There was a murmur and a movement among the waiting throng. From another side, this time in deeper tones, came the phrase again. But with variations. It said "One, two, three, four, five. Good morning Angela!"

And then again, in a woman's tones, "Good morning, Angela!"

They began to pop up all over the crowd. Like firecrackers each setting off a group of others, greetings spread and spread. Most of them were "Good morning, Angela," a few had taken on the still newer words, learned today. Angela listened as her name echoed and reechoed around her, and at the L.G.'s expression of astonishment and dismay she nearly burst with stifled laughter.

But the hubbub was too much for the four chiefs. A gesture of one hand, signaling silence to the crowd. Four chiefs dipped, in low and dignified salutation, four aged and respected faces looked straight up into the face of the L.G. Four voices, almost in unison, declaimed this new, white man's greeting, "Good morning, Angela!"

The round face of the L.G.'s aide was pink with embarrassment and perhaps something else. Uncle Alfred's cheek muscles were twitching in an agony of suppressed mirth.

"Good—good—" stammered the L.G. And then with hesitation, "Good morning, Angela," not to be outdone in courtesy. The L.G. was a great man.

Now the crowd was free to take it up once more. It spread in a swift wave all down the line, and as the small procession moved forward with majestic slowness, the new salutation continued.

Angela, the real Angela, turned and fled. If she could take a shortcut, reach the rest-house first, plunge her hot cheeks into a bowl of cool water, and slip on as grown-up a dress as her wardrobe would produce, she might be able to face what was coming.

A LAST glance into the little traveling mirror. Yes, she was as presentable as she could be, on such short notice. She flicked her attention over the tea table, where Mohamadu had laid fresh service for the approaching guests, and waited nervously while the three riders approached along the road from the market. Most of the crowd had fallen back, the white men came on alone.

Three horses reined up, three uniformed men dismounted. The usual group of small boys who seem to spring from the ground

anywhere in Africa, reached eager hands for the bridles. Uncle Alfred and the two strangers strode stiffly into the welcome shade of the resthouse.

"My niece," said Uncle Alfred briefly, Angela, summoning her self assurance, stepped forward and shook hands with the Lieutenant Governor and his aide.

The great man offered an absent-minded greeting. He removed his sun helmet and dropped into a deck chair.

"One lump or two?" asked Angela, pouring tea.

"His Honor takes two. I don't take any," said the pink-cheeked A.D.C. "You know we haven't met before, but I'm almost sure I can guess your name." He was grinning.

"Sbb," murmured Angela, pouring more tea, and shot a glance at the L.G. But His Honor was still talking busily to Uncle Alfred and hadn't heard.

"That market of yours—amazin'. Most amazin'," he was telling Uncle Alfred. "Establishing it right on their traditional battleground. A stroke—I won't say of genius, but of rare ability."

Uncle Alfred *brumpled* and looked pleased. Angela was beginning to forgive the L.G. Perhaps he wasn't an idiot after all.

"Of course the missionaries have been of considerable assistance to you."

Uncle Alfred looked blank, for there wasn't a missionary within a hundred miles.

"I'm not quite clear," went on His Honor, "what the one, two, three, four, five meant in their greeting. But an ability to learn a strange language indicates an ability and a willingness to learn new ways."

Angela was having trouble in avoiding the amused eyes of the A.D.C. If she once started to laugh, she knew she'd be lost.

"Now if the mission isn't too far away, we could ride down and consult with them. And if the missionary's opinion coincides with yours, then I think I can promise, for the moment at least, to withdraw my plan of amalgamating the four tribes under one chief." Without looking at his hostess, His Honor stirred his tea and drank.

"Hurray!" Angela almost said it aloud. This was just too good to be true. But where, oh, where were the non-existent missionaries to be found?

Uncle Alfred, also puzzled, had to face the same problem. "There is no mission. There are no missionaries, sir," he said.

"Then how—?"

"Perhaps," suggested Uncle Alfred, "if we were to ask Angela—"

"Angela!" said the L.G., and nearly dropped his teacup.

"Yes, sir," murmured Angela. "It's me all right." She was too excited to remember her grammar.

And then the story had to be told, the story of the water girls and the old lady with the hen, and the market chief. And of this morning's posing and the second lesson. She had done it, she explained, only because the girls hadn't seemed to know any greeting to give her at first, and because they giggled so.

"Do you agree with your uncle in opposing my scheme?" asked the L.G. sternly.

"Why, of course!" said Angela with enthusiasm, then stammered, "That is—"

"Then my scheme is doomed," said the L.G., "and I withdraw it." Amicably, he passed his cup for more tea.



Question

LINDA: Miss Brown, what did I learn in school today?

TEACHER: Why, Linda, what a question!

LINDA: Well, that's what Mother and Daddy will ask me when I get home. — *Sent by MARTHA ANN MOORE, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Nuts

A woman on a streetcar was eating peanuts. Trying to be friendly, she offered them to another woman who stood beside her.

The other said, "Goodness, no! Peanuts are fattening."

The first woman asked, "What makes you think peanuts are fattening?"

"My dear," exclaimed the second, "didn't you ever see an elephant?" — *Sent by SHIRLEY HANSEN, San Francisco, 14, California.*

Impromptu

"Take it easy, Son! And this time, when you're going to loop-the-loop, tell me," said the Flight Instructor.

"Well, sir, I'll try," said the student, "but I'm not sure myself when it's going to happen." — *Sent by ANNE MORGAN, Rochester, New York.*

Typical



CALLER: What a dear little boy! What is his name?

MOTHER: His name is Joe, but we usually call him Flannel.

CALLER: Indeed? Why is that?

MOTHER: He shrinks from washing. — *Sent by JUDY BENNETT, Scooby, Montana.*

The Prize-Winning Joke

Purely Accidental



DOCTOR: Why do you have BF7652 tattooed on your back?

PATIENT: That isn't tattooed, Doctor. That's where my wife ran into me when I was opening the garage doors. — *Sent by ESTHER SMITH, Stewartsville, Missouri.*

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Excellent Reason

AUNT: I am surprised, Willie, that you play with such bad boys. Why don't you play with good boys?

WILLIE: Their mothers won't let me. — *Sent by LORRAINE F. CARTER, San Francisco, California.*

Corking Reply

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VOICE FROM CROWD: Dead men tell no tales! — *Sent by MARILYN SHAFFER, Oil Hill, Kansas.*

In the Office



JONES: Is your new secretary efficient?
BROWN: Yes, but she's kind of clock-eyed.
— *Sent by JOYCE MANKER, Montesano, Washington.*

Important Errand

JOAN: Oh, Jasper, if you are going out will you stop at the doctor's for me?

JASPER: Sure, what do you want?

JOAN: Ask him when I should take my diet—before or after my meals? — *Sent by GLADYS RUTH ADAM, Strawn, Illinois.*

Wrong Word

JONES: That music my daughter is playing is very difficult.

SMITH: I only wish it were impossible. — *Sent by ELIZABETH O'CONNOR, Greensboro, North Carolina.*



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YOU'RE NOT A GIRL SCOUT

LOUIS AGASSIZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

boarded a ship for the port of Boston. In those days it was a long and severe crossing. But the longer the better for Louis who was never seasick and who needed a little extra time to learn the English language. He talked to everybody on the ship and if they often failed to understand what he was driving at, he was in no way discouraged. After all, what was one more language to a man who already had so many, and with his engagement to give the Lowell lectures in mind, he must make his Boston audience understand at least part of what he was saying.

They understood him. When he stood before them on the platform of the Lowell Institute, friendly, unselfconscious, hunting for a word, they waited breathless for him to find it, and capitulated without a struggle to his charm. He had a way of reaching behind him for a live fish from a tank, or of drawing quick, bold strokes on a blackboard, and who needed words to understand him then? If we had had our way at that time, he would have spent the rest of his life lecturing to us over here in America.

But Louis Agassiz, while he enjoyed enormously his popularity, had other plans in mind. Here was a great new country which knew little of its own resources. He would explore them. He would collect specimens of their rich life—and Louis could no more help collecting than breathing—he would store them somehow until he got his museum, he would teach these eager, interested Americans their own natural history. He would find time for the kind of research which their great country deserved, and he would write his records so that everybody would be as engrossed in the splendid drama of life as he was himself. A program of considerable proportions for one man!

His household consisted of but one man for only a short time. As always assistants collected, and soon a house was necessary. Louis found one with a garden which the tide flooded every day for his boat out in South Boston. He wrote his old friend, Pastor Christinat, who had furnished the money for his escape, and who now took charge of one of the queerest households which that locality had ever witnessed. When there was money, anybody was welcome to it. When there was none, they went without. There was always fish from the backyard. And Papa Christinat could cook like a French chef.

Louis had been invited for but one year to give his lectures. At the end of that time there was no question about his return to

Switzerland. America did not mean to let him go. He stayed on, meaning to send for Cily and the children. But Cily finally wearied of waiting, and died quietly, leaving the children in the care of his mother, Rose Agassiz. Louis was honestly grief-stricken for he had loved his wife dearly. But he had not needed her.

It was not until his son, Alexander, came over here to join him that Louis saw how strange a household he had assembled. And Alexander had only too vivid memories of that same confusion and of his mother's distress about it. Even Papa Christinat who had known the lad as a baby was no solace for the discomfort of this new life.

But out in Cambridge where Louis now lectured at Harvard, lived a woman of great gentleness and wisdom. She belonged to a family which was old for America, she knew all of his distinguished friends, and of them all she found Louis the most interesting. She understood his genius, and his reckless treatment of it. She loved him, and she was willing to work with him and to protect him as long as they both should live. Her name was Elizabeth Cabot Cary.

When Louis married her, and she gathered together his two little girls and the tall boy, Alexander, and settled with her family in Cambridge, Louis knew for the first time the comfort and sweetness of a real home. The children capitulated to her at once, and lived with her in complete harmony. Only poor Papa Christinat was adrift again, for he knew there was no place for him in this ordered household. He drifted back to Switzerland, and Louis never saw him again.

Now indeed Louis prospered. For Elizabeth had her hand on the helm. She was no more afraid of hard work than Louis himself, but she knew how to plan it for both of them. She even organized and ran a private school in Cambridge until he was financially established. And the most popular teacher in it was Agassiz who made science so interesting to the young girls that they all wanted to dedicate themselves to it. In a way one of them did, for she married Alexander.

In those days, the middle of the nineteenth century, New England had a rich roster of great names. We shall do well if we can leave behind us a list as important to the century which follows us. These men lived simply and well in Cambridge and Concord and Boston. And among them moved Louis Agassiz, friendly and at home. They took him into their Saturday Club, and on his

fiftieth birthday gave him a great party where he was toasted by Longfellow and Whittier and Hawthorne and Emerson. Probably Thoreau would not come because he preferred his quiet Walden to parties. But he was always willing to hunt turtles with Louis, and it is quite likely that a tall girl named Louisa Alcott watched them scabble about in the mud and laughed at them.

These were golden years for Louis Agassiz. Although the Civil War came on with all the destruction which war must bring, it only roused Louis to a more determined effort to save for America her educational fortresses. Though the young men at Harvard were leaving to fight just as they go today, Louis Agassiz worked as he had never worked before to preserve for them, and to develop further, the part of the college which he had taken over as his own. War was but a temporary thing. Science was permanent.

He hounded the Legislature into granting enough money to build the first wing of his Museum. And there he taught his boys, as a great teacher should, straight from life housed in his laboratories and his museum. Somehow, though, he must get at the children, for as ever, the hope of the world was held in the hands of the children. How better than through their teachers, since after all, he was but one man and could not reach all youth? He forged ahead with plans for a school where teachers could come in their summer vacation for that greatest recreation of all, stimulating work. And a rich man, hearing of it, gave him the small island of Penikese where he turned the barn into a lecture hall, and made of all outdoors a laboratory for the first and perhaps the most exciting summer school we have ever had. Near to the island now are the great laboratories of Woods Hole, and who shall say whether they would ever have been there without Louis Agassiz and his island?

Life was full and rich with Elizabeth working beside him when he was at home, traveling with him on strange expeditions, sharing his life and the lives of his children who now had children of their own. It was good and rich to the end, and even the end was gentle. He fell asleep with Elizabeth near him, and drifted quietly into death. He was sixty-six years old, and his mind and his heart were those of youth in their rich output, in their plans for the future.

But after all, those unfinished ideas were not wasted. Louis Agassiz left behind him the richest legacy of all, that urge to follow in his steps which was always his strength from the days when he led boys over the Swiss mountains.

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